The Saturday Review of Literature

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EXTRA! REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE: "THE MINT" BY A/C ROSS, ISSUED AT $500,000 BUT WITHHELD FROM POPULAR PUBLICATION UNTIL 1950

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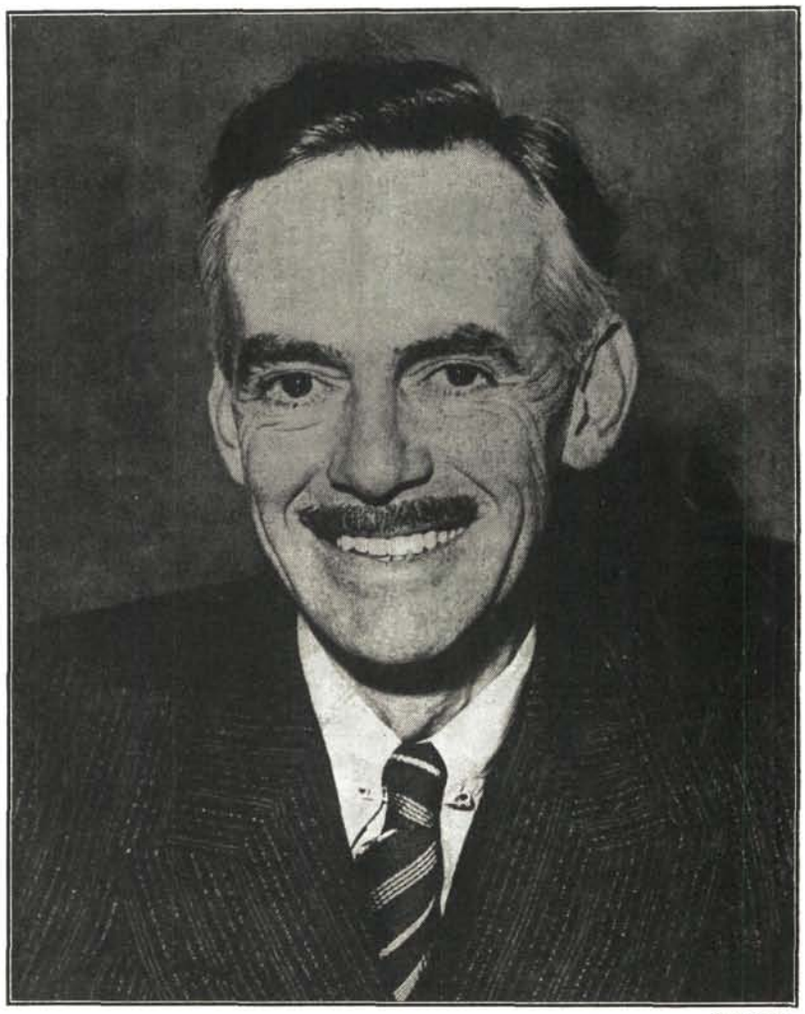

Keystone

EUGENE O'NEILL

"... and now the Nobel Prize ..." *(See page 3)*

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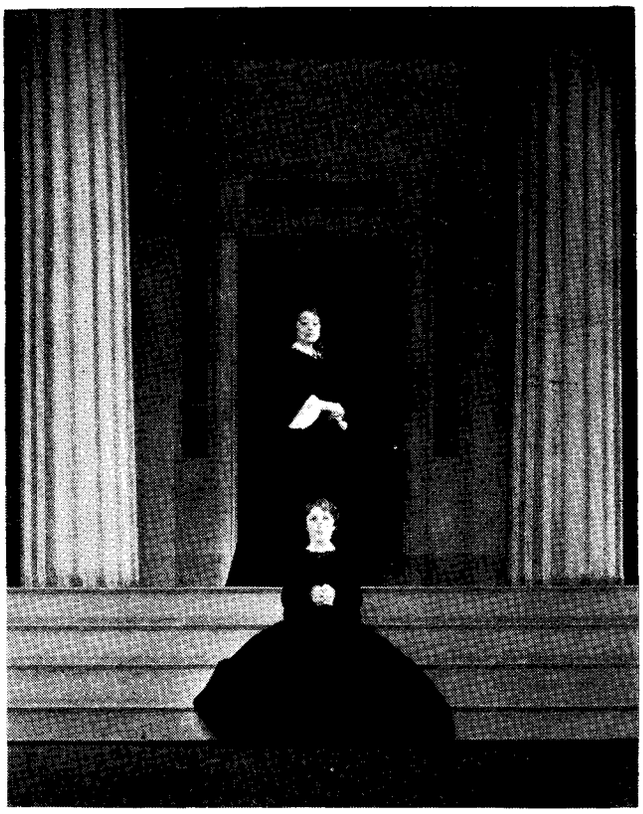
Minority Report

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

YOU will find the majority opinion in nearly any paper you may pick up. Unquestionably most of the critics and most of the public who think about literature at all will regard the award of a Nobel Prize to Eugene O'Neill as a gratifying recognition of a great dramatic talent. A minority will not, however, and because what may be a signal weakness rather than a great strength of our literature is involved, *The Saturday Review* cannot let the occasion pass without expressing that minority opinion. For the Nobel Prize, although it was once awarded to Rabindranath Tagore, is supposed to recognize only the highest distinction in literature, and Mr. O'Neill falls short of that. He falls short of it both absolutely and relatively. Whatever his international importance, he can hardly be called an artist of the first rank; he is hardly even one of the first-rate figures of his own generation in America.



Vandamm

A SCENE FROM "MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA"

Mr. O'Neill's good fortune has been his misfortune. He came to Broadway from the little theater of cheesecloth and mandolutes at the exact moment when the preciosities of coterie art in general were caught up on the impetus of a national movement. That impetus alone would have conferred success on the mechanical novelties that he brought with him from Washington Square—the off-stage tom-toms, the timed throb of engines and dynamos, the masks alleged to be ever so meaningful, the sirens blowing in the fog. But he also brought with him more important guarantors of success, a training in dramaturgy supervised by George Pierce Baker, and, even more important than this, an inherited instinct for the theatrically effective. Calling on all these, Mr. O'Neill composed some very good early plays; some of them remain among his best work but it would be absurd to call any of them great drama, and they cannot have figured in the Nobel award. A restless and extremely energetic intelligence, he was already beginning the experiments that were to confuse and confute him when his alliance with the Theatre Guild began.

It is not alleged against the Guild that it created that confusion, but that it contributed more than all other forces to the inflation of his reputation which is so disproportionate to his talents and achievements. There is such a thing as economic determinism of reputation and surely that has had a part here; but a much greater part was intellectual and social determinism. A foundation engaged in the development of dramatic art, the Guild was under every obligation of sense and sentiment to discover a great native dramatist. Need we be surprised that it discovered him in Mr. O'Neill? Its great prestige, its power to compel the admiration of multitudes, its lavish resources for spectacular presentation and for publicity no less, and its austere authority as an arbiter of judgment combined to elevate him to a grandeur which neither criticism nor the public has ventured to impeach. He has had every kind of success that a playwright can have: money, fame, the best directors and designers and actors of his time, a sumptuous collected edition, a critical acclaim so reverent that the more recent treatises discuss him in language usually considered sacrilegious when applied to the merely mortal, and now the Nobel Prize. Here is a great triumph, but a very large part of it is due to prestige and publicity. At best he is only the author of some extremely effective pieces for the theater. At worst he has written some of the most pretentiously bad plays of our time. He has never been what the Guild and the Nobel jury unite in calling him, a great dramatist.

It is not a derogation but only a definition to say that workable theatricality is the measure of successful playwriting. In the theater the test is not: Is this true to the realities of human experience? Instead the test is: Is this fictitious representation satisfactory to the artificial conditions of the theater? With luck—or with genius—a play may pass both tests, but it must pass the second, and if they are in conflict, the first must yield. The theater is under many limitations: the exigencies of space and time; the dictation of the literal, which requires an actual Peter Pan to swing through actual air on the end of an actual wire in the presence of practicable props; and especially the necessary conditions of people meeting together as an audience, the lowered intelligence, the lulled critical faculty, the enhanced emotionalism and suggestibility of a group, the substitution of emotional accord for the desire to experience and understand that is fed by other forms of literature. Under all these limitations, the theater succeeds in its own terms. They are terms of the momentarily effective, not the permanently true or the permanently illuminating. Only small and superficial portions of human

Next Week

NOT UNDER FORTY

By WILLA CATHER

Reviewed by Henry Seidel Canby

The two articles on regionalism, announced for this week, are held over to next week to facilitate prompt comment on the Nobel Prize Award.

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life can be honestly and thoroughly represented in such terms and under such limitations. Quite properly, the theater does not care. Where honest and thorough presentation of life makes available material, the theater will use it; where it does not, the theater must and cheerfully will depart from it for the sake of the theatrical values. They, the theatrical values, are concerned with something else.

Vandamm

GEORGE M. COHAN IN "AH, WILDERNESS!"

A great dramatist, I take it, is one who has somehow managed to transcend the limitations of the theater and, while preserving the theatrical values that pass the second test, to add to them some profundity of human experience, human understanding, or human enlightenment that brings the art of the theater into the same area as the highest art of fiction or poetry. Those who have transcended them —we need name no more than Shaw and Ibsen—have done so by reason of great intelligence, great imagination, and great understanding. The whole truth about Mr. O'Neill is that his gigantic effort to transcend them has been of an altogether different kind. He is a fine playwright who is not sufficiently endowed with those qualities to be a great dramatist but who has tried to substitute for them a set of merely mechanical devices.

Let us recall his career. The charmingly romantic one-act plays were young Greenwich Village. They revolted against the dead theater of the day chiefly by means of sweetness. They were full of hairy chests, gentlemen rankers burning with despair, and a traditional rhetoric about the sea—the implacable enemy, the immortal lover who covets man, the inappeasable devourer, man's elder love, man's testing ground, the oldest mistress, the primal call. They had novelties of decoration but their effectiveness, like the dialects spoken by the sailors, came from time-honored tricks by which generations of playwrights had lifted the audience out of their seats for the tense half-second that means effectiveness in the theater.

A group of miscellaneous plays followed, some expressionistic, some realistic, some successful in their own terms, some obviously tending toward the confusion that was soon to follow. Two of them, "The Emperor Jones" and "Anna Christie," are among the best work that Mr. O'Neill has ever done; of his other plays, only "Ah, Wilderness!" is comparable to them. "Beyond the Horizon" was still youthfully romantic in its conception of disease as heroic, and still very Washington Square in its clichés about sex-starved New England. "The Emperor Jones" was a triumphant experiment in the drama of fantasy, which may last longer than anything else he has written. It was a very effective assault on the emotions, and that path, if followed to the end, might have led him well beyond such work of his colleagues as "Beggar on Horseback." But in "The Hairy Ape" it began to be apparent that expressionism and Washington Square, the masks and the ballet, the attraction of the allusively and immensely vague, were betraying him: already they seemed subtly counterfeit. "Anna Christie" was something else. It remains his most effective play. But note carefully that its effectiveness is theatrical—of the theater, not of life. The romantic conception of a prostitute, the Greenwich Village cliché of "dat ol dayvil sea," the flagrant falsification of life in the oath scene at the end were magnificent theater, magnificent craftsmanship, but surely they were the very antithesis of great drama. It should be noted here, also, that with "All God's Chillun Got Wings" he began the use of insanity as a solution of all dramatic problems which makes for thrilling effects on the stage but falls short of explaining human life.

Mr. O'Neill then dived into the infinite. He undertook to transcend the theater, to break the shackles of mortality, to work with the immortal urges and the eternal truths. His characters would not be men and women merely, they would be Man and Woman, they would even be Earth Man and Earth Woman. And this mighty effort to be a great dramatist inexorably proved that he lacked intellectual, emotional, and imaginative greatness. In the theater he is a master craftsman. But in the cosmos he is a badly rattled Villager straining titanically with platitudes, and laboring to bring forth ineffabilities whose spiritual and intellectual content has been a farcical anticlimax to the agonies of birth.

"Lazarus Laughs," "The Great God Brown," "Marco Millions, " "Dynamo"—one or another of them must be the silliest play of our time. The gorgeous mounting which the Guild gave "Marco Millions" veiled the triviality of the play. Mr. O'Neill was trying to be a metaphysical Sinclair Lewis but he did not make the grade. The play echoes a hundred forgotten mellers, trying to transmute them to poetry and philosophy. But the immortal wisdom of the east comes out very much like Sidney Smith's laundryman in the *Chicago Tribune,* and oriental loveliness and mystery have a heavy odor of Fu Manchu. "Dynamo" will long fascinate connoisseurs of the incredible and contains some of the most amazing nonsense ever spoken seriously in the theater. But one comes finally to the judgment that "The Great God Brown" is the worst of them. The design is once more to transcend, to Go Beyond—by means of Cybele the Earth Mother and Dionysus, the spirit of anarchic joy that treads down the stale conventions of this world, and the frustrate human spirit tortured and betrayed. But the result is uneasily one of a Model T Euripides—and a feeling that if George White ever set out to do a March of the Earth Mothers, it would look very much like this.

Mr. O'Neill has called himself a poet and a mystic. In these plays he is trying to press beyond the theater into great drama by means of poetry and mysticism focussed through symbolism. But it is the very essence of symbolism that the meaning symbolically conveyed must be a distinguished meaning—a meaning profound

(*Continued on page* 16)

Anecdote

"We were sitting one late summer afternoon about two years ago in my rooms in the avenue Maréchal Foch, in Paris, looking out at the merry-go-round of motor-cars in the Étoile and at the Arc de Triomphe in the sinking sun. I asked him—his reflective mood seemed to inspire the question—what he would like more than anything else out of life.

" 'The Nobel Prize?' I hinted out of the side of my apéritif glass.

" 'On careful consideration—and no sour grapes about it because I have had no hopes—I think the Nobel Prize, until you become very old and childlike, costs more than it's worth. It's an anchor around one's neck that one would never be able to shake off,' he answered, gulping his tea."

—*From an article on Eugene O'Neill in "The Intimate Notebooks of George Jean Nathan"* (1932).

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Lawrence After Arabia

Shortly before the publication of "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom" by T. E. Lawrence in September, 1935, Doubleday, Doran & Company announced that Lawrence's subsequent book, "The Mint," would "probably not be popularly published for a generation . . . . The issuance of ten copies for sale at $500,000 a copy is made to comply with American copyright laws." In a later announcement the author's name was given as "Aircraftsman Ross," which according to The New York Times *(November 5, 1936) "was one of the assumed names of the late Col. T. E. Lawrence, the famous 'Lawrence of Arabia'."*

Inquiries made by The Saturday Review *at the Library of Congress during the fall of 1935 revealed that "The Mint" had not been received for copyright. These inquiries were therefore continued during 1936. On November 13 Mr. Canby went to Washington, and found that two copies of "The Mint" had by that time been received by the Library of Congress. He read one of these copies and wrote the following review.*

THE MINT. By 352087 A/c Ross. Edition limited to twelve copies, of which ten are for sale. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1936. $500,000.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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A MINT, symbolically regarded, is a place where metal weary of the fire ceases to flow according to its own hot will, and finds rest at last. "The Mint," the name a symbol of a man's desperate mood, may be the last book of Arabian Lawrence, later known as 352087 A/c Ross of the R.A.F. Visitors at the Book Fair have seen one of the twelve printed copies under burglar-proof glass with a price of $500,000 on its head. Until 1950 this book cannot be published according to the will of Lawrence, alias Ross. There are two copies in the Library of Congress, as the law demands, for copyright, and the law permits any American citizen to read but not to quote from them—as I do not intend to do in this study of Lawrence in the light of his posthumous book. Why his will forbade its publication until 1950 may be guessed at in advance of the argument. Readers of "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom" will remember the seventeenth-century gift for portraiture in brimstone and acid which Lawrence on occasion displayed in that great book. Well, there are several such portraits here, which Swift would be proud of and Pope and Dryden welcome as masterpieces in their métier. Presumably the subjects are not yet dead. Unfortunately there are also humorous and affectionate portraits of companions in the R.A.F. which must be withheld although their roughneck originals would be as delighted as surprised if in some British airport they could read them.

It is clearly not true, as has been rumored, that criticism of the R.A.F. as a government organization made it necessary to withhold this book. The criticism, and it is biting, is of methods already superseded before the book was finished, and Lawrence concludes with a sweeping statement that the abuses he describes are all ancient history, reformed away to make room for a better service in which he was a happy man. But the men of the old order are presumably still alive.

In any case a librarian and I sat with a million dollars worth of books (asking price) on the table between us; and I wondered whether one of them was worth half of it. "The Seven Pillars" is worth a million—if you can value a great book at all. What about "The Mint"?

It is not a book, it is a foundation, a porch to a great edifice that was never built, a torso, with a sketch of the whole added. It was to be a Life in the Air Service, as "The Seven Pillars" was a Life in a Revolution and a victory. But the identity of Lawrence was discovered, and he was expelled. Three years later, when he was reinstated, it was in a Cadet College where life was all to his liking, so that the brief further record of his experience, before he had himself transferred to India, is only a series of notes, of which the dramatic accounts of his night flights on Boanerges, his motor cycle, add tragedy to vividness from our knowledge of his untimely end.

"The Mint" proper is the record of his life at the Uxbridge depot where the old army crushed new recruits into a mould which was their idea of what an aircraftsman should be like. Jonathan Cape the publisher heard of it, so Liddell Hart says in his "Colonel Lawrence," and asked for it to satisfy a contract for a book to follow "Revolt in the Desert." Lawrence's terms were a million pounds down in advance and a 75% royalty!

These chapters of diary which constitute about two-thirds of the book, are grouped under general headings, The Raw Material and The Mill. They will excite future reviewers. For here is the Puritan Lawrence in one of those moods of passionate self-disciplining which the seventeenth century knew so well. And yet not entirely self-discipline. When Ross, his knees quaking, entered the recruiting officer's door in August, 1922, he was a man beaten by life. Resigning his rank as Political Adviser in the Colonial Office, refusing salary after February, still smarting, it would seem, from his share of the betrayal of the Arab cause in the war, he carried out a resolve long held to enlist as a private in the air force.

But there is much more in the story than Liddell Hart seems to have known. Lawrence had been living by hack work, in an architect's office, and as anonymous contributor (if references in his letters can be trusted) to literary reviews. Now he was down to fifteen pence, one shoe had burst, his trousers were frayed, and for three months he had not been decently fed. He had lived off other men (so he said) as far as shame allowed, he had loitered on the Duke of York's steps so that his friends might have to take him to meals at their clubs. Literature had let him down—or at least the anonymous hack literature he had been practising—and he was forced either to exploit his name which now was a legend, or seek security. And the security (since he was a Puritan perfectionist) had to be something with fear in it, so that his spirit might be flagellated.

The two sections of this book which he describes as the porch to his unwritten work record day by day his experiences as the least of His Majesty's rookies. Night by night he wrote these notes in bed, intending to select from them afterward, and presumably to prune the rank abundance of homely Saxon words, which he faithfully copied from his companions' indescribably profane and obscene conversation, though he could not use them himself. In this, James Farrell, James Joyce, and Ernest Hemingway might well envy his dialogue. Being a replica of reality it puts art to shame.

These notes are printed apparently as

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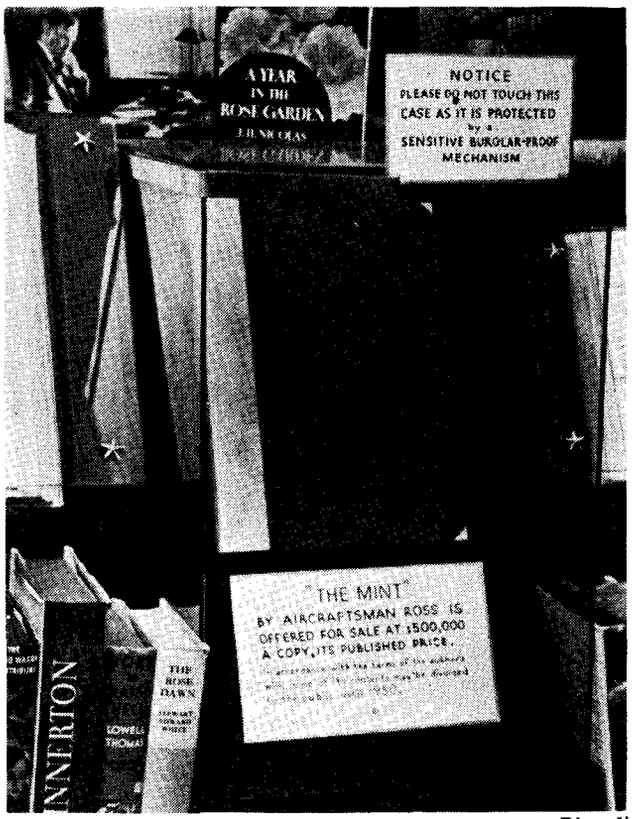
written, to save (as he informs Edward Garnett) or to burn. But revision, at least by Lawrence, who always wrote like a literary general sending dispatches, could not have improved them though the selection he proposed would have focussed the interest. Hart says Lawrence preferred this writing to "The Seven Pillars." They contain the stuff of an army saga. As sheer narrative his book is a "Tom Brown at Rugby" brought up to date and transferred to the minor hell of a barracks. You forget at first the deeper significance in reading this dramatic story of cruelty, fellowship, stupidity, and virtue. It is an old story:—the sadism of dogs in office, the surprising resiliency of human nature in these men who were being broken (the old regime still held in Lawrence's first enlistment) to obedience, blind, stupid obedience to fit them for service in a new realm where intelligence and self-dependence were indispensable. The methods of the dull master of grenadiers were being used upon future airmen. I cannot describe adequately, without quoting, the language under punishment of this mixture of the unemployed, ex-soldiers, ex-sailors, ex-mechanics. Thank heavens the genteel readers will probably be all dead by 1950! "The Mint" would finish them. But the language is only Lawrence's way of translating the life. He was fifteen years older than the average; he had known greatness, exalted greatness; he had known the bitterness of disillusion; after agonizing over the making of a book, he was now trying the open life again but this time as the lowest of the low, and with a body that had been strained to the breaking point and must be forced against odds. A morbid solitary, he had to live and sleep in a herd, be ordered about and abused with them, put to menial tasks. A little man, obviously from the educated classes, he had to fight his way to tolerance and respect. He had to stand the brutality of corporals (there were good ones, however), the contemptuous cruelty of officers, of whom some also were good. He had to be on his guard when inspectors looked with amazement at his shelf of books and called him "toff." When he sent for a loose-leaf notebook in which to write "The Mint," the king's patent appointing him a minister plenipotentiary dropped out and had to be explained away. On garbage patrol, soaked to the skin with stinking slops, a letter soaked in the swill, when opened, offered him the editorship of a magazine of belles lettres. He was struck, picked upon, threatened by men twice his size;—held his own, gained the men's respect, became the secret organizer of their resistance against the stupidity of their discipline, got to feel his solidarity with men. He came through, and three years later, writing as an accomplished aircraftsman, he describes himself for the first time as a happy man. These notes of the Uxbridge depot in "The Mint" are only incidentally protest and criticism. Their value is of a vivid record of the superior man wrestling with his destiny, a record of personalities, of the common man under stress, of the official man as officialness makes him. They are really admirable narrative, as vigorous as Captain Smith and as fluent as Defoe.

They lack, however, the moral significance as well as the scope of "The Seven Pillars." Instead, one finds the curious personal drama of Lawrence extended into this underworld phase, where he gives up his name and renown in order to reform his uneasy ego. For it would be wrong to suppose that Colonel Lawrence became Private Ross merely because he had to be fed and have shelter. There is much more than that necessity in his change and this book goes far toward plucking the heart out of his mystery. He did hope to become a well-paid photographer to some squadron, and so round out a useful life; but his immediate needs were more psychological.


A YEAR IN THE ROSE GARDEN
NOTICE
PLEASE DO NOT TOUCH THIS CASE AS IT IS PROTECTED BY A SENSITIVE BURGLAR-PROOF MECHANISM
"THE MINT"
BY AIRCRAFTSMAN ROSS IS OFFERED FOR SALE AT $500,000 A COPY, ITS PUBLISHED PRICE.
NNERTON
Disraeli

A COPY OF "THE MINT" IN BURGLAR-PROOF CASE AT THE BOOK FAIR IN NEW YORK

He had always been an odd man, odd and solitary at Oxford, odd and eccentric among military men, odd and lonely after the end of his great career. Now he felt an irresistible urge toward openness, to get back to humankind, to be just a man among men. He failed; he felt himself still odd when he was writing this book; but a sense of solidarity he did achieve, so strong that in his cadet years the very intensity of his life in a harmonious working group, the unit which he loved, led him to seek a venturesome outlet after hours on Boanerges, an explosion of energy which eventually killed him. (There is a race with an airplane in this book which is a classic of its kind.)

The reflective reader must see that Lawrence is one of those psychic cases which give the best argument to the psychological interpreters of history. His whole Arabian adventure was the attempt of a frustrated idealist to salve his soul by action. And now one sees that behind this Puritan motive was another deeper still; the desire of the congenital solitary to make his genius run with the needs or the lot of men. The need of the Arabs was betrayed, partly by him. Now with a fiery renunciation he turns to the lot of ordinary man, in the utter equality of discipline under authority. He was seeking a release from the unease of his ego. He offered his metal to the stamp of service for the public good.

When this book comes to be published in an edition which will not cost $500,000 a volume, readers who can mark and note and quote will have more to say of its stylistic detail than I can supply here. But this much at least may be asserted in advance of 1950. Lawrence is first of all a tortured mind seeking expression and the truth; a professional writer arranging a book only second, and often a long way behind. Like the century in which he seems so often to belong, the seventeenth, he is better at a chapter than a volume, at a page than a chapter, often at a sentence than a page. If he had written the book of his air life, it would (having no such great theme as "The Seven Pillars") have had plains as well as mountain ranges in it. If, as clearly was the case, it was to be a book as much about himself as about the air, it is doubtful whether his happiness in his service would have released as much electricity as did his partnership with Arabia. What he has written—and specifically the notes of life in the Depot—are self-revealing, and have the high literary value of all writing which makes the personality articulate. But "The Mint" has another quality in which Lawrence is not excelled by any writer of our time—the brief but vivid merit of saga—that kind of narrative which is so good because intense experience is told with the restraint of one who knows action as well as words. It has been assumed that the dramatic passages in "The Seven Pillars" were the almost accidental achieve-

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ments of an amateur writer who happened to be at the heart of a heroic adventure. But these chapters of life in barracks are about quite ordinary, coarse, and unheroic men, under a sordid oppression that is unnecessary to the point of stupidity. Yet he makes saga out of these episodes also—not heroic saga, but narrative that is rich in male emotion. Unlike a man who lives in order to make books, this amateur of genius sets down what he saw and felt, leaving his book to wait upon circumstance.

As an eager reader of Lawrence, it seems probable to me that we have the best of his proposed book here in "The Mint." There was, I think, no likelihood that any important edifice of literary art would have been created beyond this porch.

A Tragi-Comedy of Provincial Life

BITTER VICTORY. By Louis Guilloux. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

UNLIKE most French novels which have reached us in America recently, this one is primarily concerned with character and not with style. A pessimistic satire laid in a small town in Brittany during the war, it presents the reader with an astonishingly large and varied gallery of nightmarish but fascinating caricatures. The tragic comedy which M. Guilloux has woven about these curious and often sinister figures goes far to disprove the legend that provincial life is necessarily monotonous and dull.

Until this book, known in France as "Le Sang Noir," scored its success, the name of the author had not been well known. Clearly he has read and been influenced by the Russians, by Céline and the other masters of the school of desperation, and his humor may stem, as French critics claim, from the "Ubu Roi" of Jarry, but his synthesis of these elements is a striking and highly original one. Moreover, the first half of "Bitter Victory," after a somewhat unpromising opening, shows unusual narrative mastery, carrying the reader deep into the affairs of Cripure, a man of intelligence and sensibility who has succumbed to the unhappy conditions of his life. The troubled background of the period, in which the war looms up threateningly from time to time, adds much to the effectiveness of the whole. And with what richness and verity of accent M. Guilloux has sketched the minor figures back of his Balzacian protagonist! They are unique evidences of the author's unfailing invention, demonstrating the arrival of a new talent of considerable importance.

A Stranger in the World

MOVERS AND SHAKERS. By Mabel Dodge Luhan. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1936. $5.

Reviewed by STELLA J. ROOF

IN that fine and bitter book, "Backgrounds," the first volume of her Memoirs, Mabel Dodge Luhan explains how her loveless childhood gave her "the feeling of being only *one*. . . . This doom of separateness and immobility, of the dynamic turned static. All my life I have been attempting to escape from this." In "Movers and Shakers" she deals with the American scene of 1912 to 1916: and with her attempts to escape her "doom" by merging in its exciting life—to spring upon herself the trap of common human experience through exploitation of its significant movements and personalities.

These attempts include: her absorption in causes and their apostles—her salon, and her other activities in the "revolutionary" movements of the day: her stormy affair with John Reed, to whom she could not be either the Possessed or the Possessor: her retreat to nature and beauty in a country home near Elizabeth Duncan's School on the Hudson: and her affair with Maurice Sterne, which, entered upon cynically, from the determination to direct his talent, soon became naiveté itself. The book ends with her marriage to Sterne. He goes "honeymooning" alone in the West, and a medium in Brooklyn tells her that she will be "surrounded by Indians"!

MABEL DODGE LUHAN

Throughout these years, Mabel Dodge, unassuaged by the normal, experimented with those drastic aspects of consciousness, the abnormal and the supernormal. The accounts of her experiences with psychoanalysts and mental healers, and her excursions in the occult, reveal a primitive sensitiveness, checked but not negated by a sense of the comic and the instinct of self-preservation.

Mrs. Luhan's memoirs must be considered as interpretations of a period, as the study of a personality, and as popular thrillers. Perhaps the best way to convey a sense of the quality of this volume is to say that it seems to have been written from the vindictiveness of a personal grudge. A grudge at people whose integrity and purposefulness thwarted—how nonchalantly!—her "Power . . . the exercise of which was my most profound enjoyment." Her subtly belittling characterizations of dynamic people detract from the historical authenticity of her work. To describe Reed as a "gay, bombastic, lovable boy," for instance, is not to reveal, but almost to libel personality, through caricature. Moreover, through wrong emphasis rather than misstatement, she sometimes gives inaccurate impressions. Unless one reads her chapter on "Unemployment" very carefully, one thinks that the anarchists rather than the I. W. W. were behind the "Church Raids" of 1914. And her story of the love and marriage of Reed and Louise Bryant certainly impugns the sincerity of both. Nevertheless, Mrs. Luhan's flair for interesting people has produced a treasure of source-material, both in scope and in documentation.

—And a joy for the Great Public. For aside from its wealth of savory gossip about celebrities, the book is alive with vivid comedy—*vide* the interview between Isadora Duncan and Mayor Mitchel. And the love affairs are discussed with a lack of fastidiousness, and a fine frenzy reminiscent of the late Marie Corelli, which should enthrall every "Confession" addict on the globe.

One cannot, however, dismiss this book as cheap, nor Mrs. Luhan with Lawrence's curt phrase, "wants to be good and is very wicked." She has lost that disinterestedness which in "Backgrounds" enabled her to perceive herself and the associates of her childhood and girlhood for their own sakes. Yet even in this chaotic book, the author has drawn the portrait of a stranger in the world, sad, furious, ignorant morally—yet courageous. Perhaps some day psychologists will find in her blueprints of her ego the answers to questions they are not yet wise enough to ask. But as yet the most illuminating comment is that of Gertrude Stein: "As the expedition is without the participation of the question, there will be nicely all that energy."

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

BERNARD DEVOTO . . . . . Editor
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AMY LOVEMAN . . . . . Associate Editor
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The Reference Shelf

THE arrival of another book which tells the ambitious young how to become writers provokes a meditative realization that such treatises have no part in the process by which that end is actually achieved. The process consists of a black fairy's incantation over the cradle of a child whose parents pathetically expect something of it. Beyond that there is only a series of cleavages, erosions, and hemianopias which not even manuals on how to be a writer can arrest. Before this one was laid away, however, an especially fantastic chapter in it suggested an appeal to the facts. That chapter lists and explains the books which a writer ought to have at hand to help him over the rough places and compensate for such slight deficiencies as may exist in his training and equipment. A glance at the shelf nearest this desk followed automatically. It does not in the least resemble the ideal one selected by the manual but it results from the selective process of sixteen years of professional writing—of writing novels, magazine fiction, history, essays, criticism, reviews, and editorial comment. Let us see what is on it.

Dictionaries. There are French, German, Latin, and Italian ones. The last two are used much less than the first two but are used often enough to be kept within reach. There are two superb American dictionaries, "Webster's New International," in the second edition which was published just when the first edition, bought in college, had been worn beyond all hope of repair, and "Webster's Collegiate," which has been used oftener than any other book in the study. At least one writer has decided that, when these are available, no other dictionary of English is needed. Half a dozen others have stood on the reference shelf from time to time but they have all been discarded, including the "Concise Oxford," which has a delicate but highly successful snob appeal for the profession. It was retired to a back shelf some years ago: it frequently hasn't got the word you are looking for and, when it has, you can't tell how to pronounce it, or sometimes, even how to spell it. (Anticipate a stern correction of this opinion in The Bowling Green.)

"Roget's Thesaurus." This darling of the manuals usually does what you want it to but almost never in the way you expect it to. After sixteen years of writing you should be able to think of the word you want. When you can't Roget does not find it for you but does start off the chains of association that make you remember it. This copy is in the orthodox edition copyrighted by Crowell in 1911. Three or four alleged improvements on that arrangement have had a brief existence on the reference shelf but have been thrown away as delusions. No dictionary of synonyms has survived. They are useful for students, but you have little need and no time for them after you hang out your shingle.

By that time, too, you write by ear and so have little use for manuals of style, usage, grammar, idiom, diction, and punctuation. A mass of them has accumulated during your apprenticeship, however, and you keep a few of them at hand—the one you wrote yourself years ago, Fowler's "Dictionary of Modern English Usage" (which is entertaining and very useful when you want to show the managing editor that saying "none are" does not make you a vulgarian), and the University of Chicago Press "Manual of Style," which is invaluable for information about printing, typography, make-up, and mechanical details.

Always verify your quotations. Two collections of proverbs and Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations" stand side by side. They are not needed often but when they are, the need is urgent. They also sometimes fulfil the wistful hope of findind a really snappy title for the piece. Next to them, the Oxford one-volume Shakespeare, the "Oxford Book of English Verse," and a number of Bibles. The most useful one has the King James (St. James, in this office) and the Revised versions in parallel columns, and another one has a concordance. The apocryphal books of the Old and the New Testaments are also essential, and so are a "Book of Common Prayer," a Catholic Missal, and a table of saints' days and movable feasts. The one-volume "Golden Bough" serves the same purpose.

In fact, verify everything. Indispensables are "The World Almanac," "Who's Who in America," a syllabus of English literature, one of American literature, and one of American history. The Columbia "Encyclopedia" ought to be here too, but this practitioner has never had the price and so, when the rest of the library fails him, must phone to some learned or more affluent friend. "Ploetz's Manual of Universal History" in a modern edition is used two or three times a week; its dates are dependable but one learns to be wary of its interpretations. The library proper contains several hundred volumes of American history but a comprehensive manual must be at hand for constant use. Natural selection has fixed on Hockett and Schlesinger's "Political and Social Growth of the United States," now in a revised edition, as the most useful.

Next come a number of textbooks, for which there is far more call than the uninitiated would suppose. However complete the psychology shelves of the library may be, the reference shelf has to have an up to date general psychology and a good treatise on psychopathology. Next to them are general texts on geology, geography, chemistry, physics, evolution, anatomy, physiology, bacteriology, and genetics. For years there has been a firm purpose to add to them an ordinary medical dictionary, but, much as it is needed, it has not yet been bought. Next Sumner's "Folkways," a general sociology, and, for current fashionable use, Marx's "Capital." Only the three-volume edition of the last will do. You can't find what you are looking for in any of the abridgments, but you do find that the fashionable thinkers have also missed it.

The rest of the shelf is miscellaneous and individual, representing the special needs of one writer and unlikely to fit another one's needs. Here is "The United States Official Postal Guide." It provides names for towns in magazine stories, and if you shift the states patriotic citizens cannot write in denouncing you. Similarly, the Twenty-Fifth Annual Report of the Harvard Class of 1907. Scores of characters have been christened by combinations and permutations made up from its pages. 1907 is not our class but somehow its report found its way to the shelf. A handful of bibliographies and monographs on American literature and the frontier are obviously personal to this shelf. So are Poincaré's "Science et Méthode," Hodge's "Handbook of the American Indians," Thorndike's "History of Magic and Experimental Science," and Ward's "The Climates of the United States."

That is the reference shelf. Every book on it is used often enough to be kept within arm's length. Often enough to make getting up from the desk and walking across the room seem annoying. The need for every one of them was demonstrated long ago, and the loss of any of them would be an inconvenience. There is no impulse to add to them any of the word-finders, plot-assemblers, compilations of mythological and literary allusions, or dictionaries of literary behavior and etiquette that the how-to-write trade offers to its customers. The list may seem painfully naive to the masters of that trade, but it is composed of tools that have proved their value to one professional writer.

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Letters to the Editor: *Huck Finn's Island; Webster on Trivia*

Turtle Island or Jackson's?

SIR:—Being habitually of two minds in most matters, I hesitate to write this. But in the interests of accuracy, which again I am of two minds about, I wish to say that the picture of Jackson's Island at Hannibal, Mo., in the Bowling Green Oct. 24 is, unless I am mistaken, the island known as Turtle Island, up the river from Hannibal, instead of Jackson's which is down below, about opposite the Cave—Mark Twain's Cave, I mean.

I may, of course, be in error, but the picture of the Mississippi River at Hannibal is etched clearly in my memory. As a child of nine I first met it and loved it, and for years it was a definite influence on me. From the limestone bluffs above it, one can see far up beyond Turtle Island, where fishermen, living on the shore of the Bay, fished with nets for deep channel catfish. Monsters, some of them, terrifying in their streamlined malevolence.

There is also a sharp memory of a lighted excursion boat coming down around the island at night.

Jackson's Island is about three islands below the bridge. On hot summer days, one took the little old red ferry across to Shepherd's Landing, walked along the water's edge down to the first island, waded through the clear shallows to it, and progressed on down to Jackson's. The water is not more than knee deep at its deepest point, and is so clear one saw the wave ripples in the sand.

There are some crude remnants of habitations—shacks which fishermen used in days gone by.

Hannibal, unfortunately, is beginning to be progressive, instead of the sleepy, little, down-at-the-heels river town much as it was in the days of Mark Twain. Palmyra Avenue, which led out to Palmyra Road, only a few years ago was lined with one story frame houses on one side, and houses half built into the side of the bluffs on the other. Now it is Mark Twain Avenue, is paved, and the houses are stuccoed.

There is a beautiful new bridge now, and the days of the old red ferry are no more.

But I do think the picture you printed is Turtle Island, I really do.

IRENE FISHER.

Albuquerque, N. M.

What Are Trivia?

SIR:—I come to you in perplexity.

Just now I was informed that the use of the word *trivia* to mean unimportant matters, trifles, is a false one. The word should be *trivialia*, if anything.

Objecting loudly, I rushed to the Webster unabridged, and was horrified to find that no such meaning was given. The only one that *was* given was the plural of *trivium*, meaning the three liberal arts of grammar, logic, and rhetoric. It proved to be the same with the Concise Oxford. (I haven't immediate access to OED, but you, of course, carry it in your head.)

"SPECIAL DIVIDEND, HELL! IT'S JUST A BOOK."

However, a few moments later, proving my point to a doubting colleague in another part of our attenuated office, I lost out by finding *trivia* trivially defined in another Webster unabridged. Comparing editions, the first one (where it is ignored) turned out to be 1932, the second 1936. Therefore, it has only recently attained Websterian status.

Why?

Did Logan Pearsall Smith mean "unimportant things" or "the three liberal arts?"

CLIFFORD ORR.

New York City.

A Rift in the Flute

SIR:—At the beginning of the "Ajax" Sophocles represents Odysseus nosing about "like a keen scented Spartan hound"; and I shall perhaps put myself in the canine category if I point out typographical slips in the beautiful first edition of "More Poems" by A. E. Housman recently published by Alfred A. Knopf. But the poet and the pedant unite within me to respond with sympathetic admiration to Housman's art and to shrink, as Housman himself would have done, from any imperfections, however slight, in its physical presentation to the world.

For in the preface to "Last Poems" the poet has recorded his apprehension of inaccuracies by saying, "it is best that what I have written should be printed while I am here to see it through the press and control its spelling and punctuation." At all events such trifles cannot prick him now that he has permanently left the ranks of "all ill-treated fellows," including authors who are exposed not only to the customary "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," but to the more appalling tragedies of misprints.

In *The Saturday Review* for October 31, 1936, William Rose Benét has called attention to the fact that "under the frontispiece portrait the name of the artist is given as Francis Todd, at the end of the preface as Francis Dodd." Another misprint occurs on page 23 where a full stop is used instead of a question mark at the end of the query

Whose is the night-long breathing
That keeps me man alive?

And the most distressing slip of all appears on page 73 in the list of dated poems, of which the first lines are quoted, where the following astounding image is evoked by the use of an "r" instead of an "s"

The chestnut carts his flambeaux.

ASHTON SANBORN.

Boston, Mass.

Success Slogans

SIR:—Dorothea Brande, in her "Wake Up and Live," has presented a formula for success in only eight words: "Act as if it were impossible to fail." I should like to call attention to the ancient version, for which Virgil was responsible in the "Aeneid" (V, 231). It reads as follows:—"*Possunt, quia posse videntur*" (only four words). It may be literally translated in nine words: "They are able because they seem to be able." Conington's poetical translation is a line of only seven simple words: "They can because they think they can."

E. W. C.

Floral Park, N. Y.

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O'Neill: an Impression

BY THERESA HELBURN

I REMEMBER the first time Eugene O'Neill came to dinner with me. It was the evening of the day Lindbergh flew the Atlantic. We had meant to talk of plays and production problems but we were, of course, like everyone else, under the spell of that adventure and we talked instead of what lay behind the apparent simplicity of that amazing flight, behind its clean-cut success, its almost poetic precision. I can imagine no one more sensitive to all its implications than O'Neill with his sense of the romantic and the dramatic, with his memories of lonely nights at sea and his knowledge of stark realities. That I have so often, since then, bracketed the two men in my mind, may be, of course, purely fortuitous but it is not without reason. For I have often thought that Gene is a good deal of a lone eagle in his chosen field—daring new and, God knows, long enough flights on his dramatic Pegasus; and that he has in himself to a high degree the singleness of purpose, the capacity for profound preparation, the courage, and the intense conviction that have been subsequently associated with the great flier. He has also a simplicity, a directness, a dread of empty adulation and noisy crowds, a passionate desire for privacy.

O'Neill is a very shy person. He is also a very real one. Alone with him you realize your own shyness. For you cannot keep on the surface very long; after a certain amount of banter you must either dig deep or be silent. Not that he is always serious company, far from it. He has a quick perception of humorous angles and a rich response to any sort of natural humor. The quality of his humor is evident from his comedies; the homely fun of "Ah, Wilderness!" and the satiric philosophic comedy of "Marco Millions." He has not much use for sophisticated badinage. And like all shy people he is at his best with one other person. I always have the feeling, when he is in a group, that some very valuable time is being wasted.

I like most to think of O'Neill out-of-doors. Of all the times I have seen him, he seemed most at ease walking against a strong breeze on the endless beach that borders his Georgia house. Against the turbulence of sea and wind he talked freely, easily, with a sense of relaxation I seldom feel in him. It was as if the tumult without stilled the tumult within. Indoors—especially after he has been working—one feels the dynamo still turning—driving and wearing him down. And in the theatre I have the sense that he is armoured against the constant pricks and arrows that the ordeal of rehearsal holds for a sensitive artist. But he sits quiet and impassive in the front row, hour after hour, and to every question from actor or director he responds without a second's hesitation and with complete assurance. Here is one playwright who has spent so much time on the preparation of his script, has built his structure so carefully from its foundation, that he knows the right position of every brick from every angle. Never a doubt as to what anyone of his characters is thinking or feeling at any moment; never an ambiguity about a motive or a reading. To the director's suggestions he answers quickly "yes" or "no." To suggestions of changes he usually answers "no." But not arbitrarily, nor is that the end. He evidently considers them all for some time seriously and frequently returns the next day having found a way to meet a suggested change that has dramatic value without damaging the fabric of his play. It is the same about cuts. He almost never makes them on the spur of the moment. He listens to the director's ideas but he takes his script home and brings it back the next day cut or not cut, as the case may be, according to his leisured judgment.

Pinchot
EUGENE O'NEILL

People have called O'Neill stubborn in rehearsal but it is the stubbornness of inner conviction, a most valuable quality in a medium so easily the prey of contrived effects and emotional tricks as the theatre. And it is a not impractical conviction; it is founded on long experience and an expert sense of "theatre"—the rightful heritage perhaps of an actor's son. But O'Neill doesn't like compromise. Often we have said to him "Gene, the audience won't stand for that." To which he has replied "The audience will stand for anything provided we do it well enough."

He certainly doesn't spare himself in trying to do his share of the work well. The mere physical effort in the preparation of his MSS would dismay the average playwright, accustomed to hasty drafts and efficient secretaries. His preliminary notes often fill what would be a good-sized volume in print, and all written by hand in perfect handwriting so fine that even with glasses I have to strain to read it. Many a playwright says to himself, "No matter how much I rewrite whoever is going to produce my play will want a lot of changes, so what's the use of doing too much work now?" There is something to be said for this point of view, for managers often fancy themselves as vicarious playwrights. Nevertheless, there is probably more to be said for the managers since a great many plays are, as submitted, far from ready for production. Perhaps it *is* better theatre policy to work on final versions with director or producer or both. Many writers are greatly helped by this sort of collaboration and it frequently results in a well-rounded production—far better than would have been otherwise possible.

But O'Neill is more than a playwright, he is a dramatist. When, after long preliminary preparation, he has finished a draft, he puts it away for at least three months. During that time he travels or works on something else or perhaps just stays at home with his books, his wife, and his ocean. Then he takes it out, reads it with a fresh perspective, and starts to work again. Usually three drafts are written in a year or more and all in that perfect long hand. When it finally gets to the typist all she must need is a reading glass! And when it gets to the producer he can take it or leave it. It is ready for rehearsal—the changes made in work are only minor ones.

O'Neill is the only playwright I know who does not want to have his plays tried out on the road. That certainly shows an inner sureness rare in the theatre. Only once did we persuade him to such a course, that was with "Ah, Wilderness!"—so full of comedy we felt it only fair to the actors to test out the laughs and get the pace of the play before the ordeal of a New York first night. Gene finally acceded but for a long while refused to come himself to Pittsburgh. However, he finally showed up at a mid-week performance and then returned at once to New York, more than ever convinced, I am sure, that the trip had been unnecessary for everyone concerned.

The joy that all Gene's friends feel in the Nobel award is the greater that it should come now when he is at work on the most difficult project of his career, a series of eight plays, a picture of American life over six generations.

Last March I went to stay in the lovely house on the coast of Georgia that Carlotta O'Neill, with her rare gift for combining beauty and comfort, had devised for Gene's protection and isolation. In his study, built like the master cabin of an old sailing vessel, its windows overlooking the sea, Gene sketched for me the plan of his dramatic "comédie humaine" and I was amazed at the amount of work involved: the preliminary research, the endless notes, the detailed scenarios that had preceded the draft of a single play. Were it anyone but Gene I would doubt the achievement of it. But again and again O'Neill has attempted the impossible in the theatre and come through on top; not a reason in the world to doubt his doing it again.

Theresa Helburn is a member of the Board of Managers of the Theatre Guild.

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FRANK SWINNERTON

Kindness in Print

SWINNERTON, AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By Frank Swinnerton. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1936. $2.75.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

"ALL of them talented, and most of them, as individuals, very agreeable." "With hardly an exception these men are . . . good company. . . . All of them are intelligent. Some of them are witty." "It is not the Devil, and it is not a Member of Parliament; but somebody much more pleasant, Stephen McKenna." With such phrases as these, "Swinnerton" leaps, at it were, from ring to ring. Its sub-title should be changed from "An Autobiography" to "A Circus," and I make this suggestion without rancor, for there are many things less pleasant than a circus, and few more calculated to take our minds away from fact. In a circus all the performers have a glamor which is not false, but fictitious: and only if we are very small children do we think that they are what they so beautifully pretend to be.

Why go behind the scenes and try to discover them in their everyday clothes? If Mr. Swinnerton implies that the Reform Club is a felicitous admixture of the Painted Porch and the Mermaid Tavern; if he gives the literary men of England, including himself, such a chummy, such a glowing appearance—why question what he says? He has a kind heart, even though he does treat us like small children whose favorite mythology is "Who's Who." But there are times when we feel kind of grown up; when, for example, we wish that the sentence quoted above had read—"It was not Stephen McKenna; but somebody much more pleasant, a Member of Parliament." This is not nearly so neat a sentence, but what a relief it would have been!

"Swinnerton" is the kind of autobiography which has leaped into that category over the back fence, about one foot ahead of the critics. The more considerable part of it is about other people, and a charming troupe they are—all talented, all good talkers, and all of them liking Mr. Swinnerton. About Mr. Swinnerton himself one learns less. At first you cannot convince yourself that you know much more about him than that he has a "thousand dollar smile," a description which occurs as late as p. 331, was handed to him by an American lady, and not restored to her. You accept this, of course, but you find yourself wishing that there was rather less of that smile in his book. That is why, when the smile grows faintly acid, as it occasionally does, you draw a long breath of gratitude.

These remarks are intended to convey the thought that to be kind in print (and Mr. Swinnerton has met and is kind to almost everybody English and literary) is something of a modern vice. The public is being trained not to accept abuse and venom, which are both useful things if not overemployed, and were highly thought of among the Greeks and the Elizabethans and the eighteenth century wits and other good people.

Yet Mr. Swinnerton is not always just a Smile in Wonderland. A careful consideration of this book reveals another man, a novelist whose "Nocturne," had I read it, I am sure I should have admired; a skilful writer, and a man of warm and singular feelings. This man is discovered, infrequently, in those portions of "Swinnerton" which are legitimately autobiographical and which are also infrequent: in the first chapters, and especially those chapters in which he speaks of early days in the publishing business. There was a person at J. M. Dent's who always wore a frock coat, not because he was formal, but because he had once sat down on a pair of scissors and was indisposed to take that chance again: and there is only one character more lovable in the whole book, and that is the character of Arnold Bennett. Arnold Bennett has escaped the circus. The pages that deal with him are not written to satisfy our curiosity, but to appease an emotion in Mr. Swinnerton. "Have I the power to make you see my friend as I saw him?" That sentence has another intonation, the intonation of literature. How different from this—"When he plays he is still a little boy and when he talks he is a darling": that is literary, it is about Mr. H. G. Wells, and I shall not blame myself if I find it difficult hereafter not to think of Mr. Wells as a midget.

The last chapter, about Mr. Swinnerton and his wife and their cat, is also literature. When you read this, and the early chapters, and the story of Arnold Bennett, and one or two other passages, it does seem as if the top of the Big Tent had blown off: and above us, through the fog, we can almost see the stars, which in their courses fight for men and against them, and which are real.

Sequel to "The Furys"

THE SECRET JOURNEY. By James Hanley. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1936. $2.50.

IT is six years since Mr. Hanley wrote "Boy," a novel which struck the critics as serious and moral and which subsequently struck the Manchester assizes as being an "obscene libel." His next book to gain attention, "The Furys," was a compelling book, but it lacked something—a poetic imagination, perhaps, or merely hope. At any rate, it did not communicate either its character or its meanings with any ease; it was careful but confusing, so that it would not be unfair to say that its author was confused.

"The Secret Journey" is the second part of a trilogy, of which "The Furys" was the first. In "The Furys" we were shown how a woman's morbid passion for respectability can suck the very life-blood from her working class family; and now we discover that Mrs. Fury is having *her* blood sucked by a money-lender, from whom she borrowed for her son's schooling. The money-lender is a Mrs. Ragner; she falls in love with the son, and would gladly forget the loan in return for certain favors of a physical description; and the son, torn between loathing and a longing to help his unapproachable mother, ends by murdering Mrs. Ragner. Now here are all the elements of a powerful story, and Mr. Hanley does not disappoint us—it is not likely that he would—in the matter of detail. He traces with infinite care the intricate and exasperated pattern of this mother-son relationship, and describes with fascinating relish the economy of the money-lender's household. The novel is very powerful in its way, but, like "The Furys," it lacks something; and with the evidence of both books to go on we can begin to see what it is that it lacks.

It lacks psychology, in the sense that Mr. Hanley's characters are too self-conscious; that they are never—even when they most appear to be so—altogether off their guard. You can understand these people in all but one important particular—you cannot positively say that any of them has a soul.

Mr. Hanley approaches the human soul—the unconscious, the irrational—circumspectly and with suspicion. He seems not to be at all sure that it is worth all the trouble it makes. Poor thing, what set it wandering under the stars, and why? From such a dilemma as Mr. Hanley's, may all promising novelists be delivered, even though they are not half as promising as he is. For if Mr. Hanley could entertain towards humanity a feeling of hope or a feeling of despair, or any feeling except the profound misgiving which he does feel, he might create (no novelist in England more likely) a new kind of English novel, even a new kind of awareness in the English public. But "If" is a long-suffering word.

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An Idealist's Autobiography

THE LETTERS AND JOURNAL OF BRAND WHITLOCK. Edited by Allan Nevins. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 1936. 2 *vols.* $10.

Reviewed by SIDNEY B. FAY

WHEN invited to visit W. D. Howells in Maine in 1902, Brand Whitlock wrote to Octavia Roberts:

> Now I have reached the heights; I have drunk tea with him, I have dined with him, and for hours I have sat with him and have heard the principles I loved so long, and have tried, in my poor way, to stand for, stated by the lips of the master . . . For an hour we sat on the veranda of his summer home and drank tea and smoked a cigar—at least I smoked a cigar—with Mark Twain.

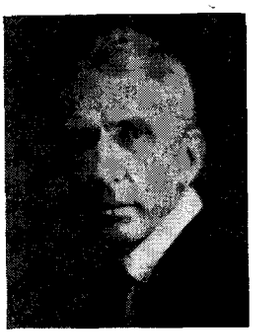
The words, though written by a man of thirty-three, express Whitlock's boyish enthusiasm for two of America's most successful novelists and hint at his own lifelong ambition to become a distinguished author.

On leaving high school in Toledo it would have been in accord with the Whitlock family tradition for Brand to enter Ohio Wesleyan University. But he was hungrier for life than for the Methodist classroom. He preferred to work for three years as a reporter on the Toledo *Blade* and later on the Chicago *Herald*. Newspaper work taught him to write rapidly, concisely, and vividly, while his innate sense of fun and humor found expression in association with men like George Ade and the creator of "Mr. Dooley." Newspaper writing, however, was not the goal of Whitlock's literary aspirations. As he wrote to a friend in 1894:

> The work soon loses the fascination which lures its victims, and descends to the level of the veriest drudgery. The newspaper only serves a man when he is alert enough, and bright enough, to use it as a means to mounting to other callings.

Whitlock's imagination and sound taste soared far higher. He read omnivorously the best writers, especially English, French, and Russian, acquired something of their flavor and cosmopolitan outlook, and reflected it in his own novels, letters, and diary. This literary undercurrent in his whole life is revealed most clearly in the letters which, with an introduction by Newton D. Baker and a good biographical sketch by Allan Nevins, fill the first of these two volumes. Most often he poured out his views to a friend of his youth, Miss Roberts. There are also numerous letters, however, to Newton Baker, Clarence Darrow, Tom Johnson, Ben Lindsey, Lincoln Steffens, George Creel, Col. House, and many others. To read them is to recall the political and literary hopes and ideals which filled a few progressive younger Americans at the beginning of the century.

Having to earn a living, Whitlock went into law and politics. He was deeply impressed by John P. Altgeld's "Live Questions," and by his courage in waging unending war against privilege, and by the example of "Golden Rule" Jones, Mayor of Toledo. He joined Jones in his numerous city campaigns to get fair treatment for the common people of Toledo against exploitation by the Traction Company. At Jones's death he made the principal funeral address—and was elected Mayor of Toledo, serving from 1906 to 1913. With Baker, who had succeeded Tom Johnson at Cleveland, and with Richard Hunt of Cincinnati, he was known as one of the "three boy Mayors." They made a radical effort to meet efficiently and sanely the problems of the rapidly growing industrial cities—the fight for the common man against "the interests." There are fine passages in the letters about the need of prison reform, social justice, and why people do not go to church. But it cannot be said that there is a great deal that is new to the American historian. It has been more fully described in Whitlock's intimate autobiography, "Forty Years of It," and in some of his novels.



BRAND WHITLOCK

Whitlock's activities had attracted the attention of another great idealist and reformer, and in 1913 President Wilson appointed him Minister to Belgium. By a lucky chance Whitlock had many years earlier taken lessons from a Monsieur Roi, and so spoke and wrote fluently the language of the court to which he was sent—which unfortunately is by no means always the case with American diplomatists. He was justly proud of his accomplishment; it allowed him to poke good-natured fun at W. G. Sharpe's ignorance of French as Ambassador at Paris and at Nicholas Murray Butler's doubtful pronunciation of it; and it made him relish the innocent blunder of George V's alleged remark to a distinguished Frenchman: "Je tacherai de vous supporter jusqu'à la fin de la guerre." Whitlock welcomed the appointment to Brussels, partly because it brought him into contact with the culture of the Old World, but more especially because he hoped that it would afford him the coveted leisure for literary production. Then, within a few months, came the awful upheaval of the war, and unimaginable labors.

The second volume is a diary of the years 1914-1921 while Whitlock was Minister, and then Ambassador, to Belgium.

> I have never kept a diary before, and hope never to keep one again, such is the drudgery of the task, this diurnal recording of banalities that might better be forgotten.

But having begun one, he was determined to keep it up. One is amazed that he had the energy to do so after long exhausting days—getting stranded Americans home; keeping Germans to promises which they were constantly trying to evade; smoothing over personal jealousies of all sorts in connection with the Belgian Relief; looking out for the British and German Legations which were turned over to his care; and making innumerable speeches. It is true that some of the diary is trivial. It would have been twice as good if half as long—that is, if the editor had exercised more freely the blue-pencil prerogative. Then certain beautiful, moving, or humorous passages would have stood forth more clearly and been read by more persons: the condemnation of militarism (British and French as well as German); the visit of American congressmen who all but slapped King Albert on the back, and asked if people were talking French or Belgian; the last days of Edith Cavell; the tearful departure from Belgium via Switzerland in 1917, and the joyous return after the Armistice; and the confusion at Whitlock's speech at Lafayette's grave.

Whitlock's perfect frankness in speaking his mind about people adds spiciness: Henry van Dyke's "Parson's patronizing tone"; Whitney Warren "who has made an ass of himself"; Theodore Roosevelt's "constant abuse of the President. What a blatherskite he is!"; S. S. McClure, "a little grey man, very conceited, and somewhat defiantly clinging to the idea of his own value in the world; a man who somehow just missed the trapeze"; Harding at Marion "said that the Treaty of Versailles is bad because 'it does not mention the name of the Deity.' The old poker player might at least spare us that." And many more which are somewhat sharper. Toward the Germans he never tried to be neutral. Their whole habit of thought and their ruthless treatment of the Belgians was violently repugnant to him, and he never minced his words in speaking of them.

The index to the letters is fairly satisfactory, but that to the diary is very poor; a fifth of the names are omitted and there is no index of subjects. One would like to be able to turn to the passages on atrocities, Belgian Relief, the mysterious newspaper, *Libre Belge*, Roman Catholics, painting, bookbinding, democracy, dictatorships, militarism, and many other topics on which Whitlock has very interesting reflections.

Sidney B. Fay is professor of history at Harvard University and author of a number of books including "The Origins of the World War."

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Peace, It's Wonderful

BE GLAD YOU'RE NEUROTIC. By Louis E. Bisch, M.D. New York: Whittlesey House. 1936. $2.

Reviewed by JAMES THURBER

IN an extensive reading of recent books by psychologists, psychoanalists, psychiatrists, and inspirationalists, I have discovered that they all suffer from one or more of these expression-complexes: italicizing, capitalizing, exclamation-pointing, multiple-interrogating, and itemizing. These are all forms of what the psychos themselves would call, if they faced their condition frankly, Rhetorical Over-compensation. It is a defense mechanism used to cover up a lack of anything new and sound to say on their favorite subjects, and to make up for an inability to write simply and convincingly, or to think clearly. We find, in all these men and women, the raised voice, and the glib invention that so often accompanies it; we find, too, an easy fancy in place of a sound imagination; hence we are bound to find those broad glittering generalizations, based on any little specific instance which comes to hand, that distinguish the lecturer from the researcher. The desire to help, implicit in the very titles of these books, becomes so often merely the urge to startle.

Dr. Louis E. Bisch, whose book I set out to review, only to find myself turning now and again to some of my other patients because of a striking similarity of symptoms, is an italicizing multiple-interrogator (he has what I like to think of as Billy Sunday's Disease: "Do you think God will let you? *No!* Do you know why He won't let you? *No!* Shall I tell you why?"). This is a typical passage from Dr. Bisch's book: "Do you wonder why I say that *to be normal is nothing to brag* about? The times are out of joint?

Pinchot

DOROTHEA BRANDE
An italicizing capitalizer.

I agree. But who knocked them out of joint? Besides, are these the first signs of demoralization in history? Can you name an era . . . etc., etc.?" In the first paragraph of his Chapter VII he starts off with eight straight questions, possibly a world's record.

I should like to turn for a moment to a few of the doctor's contemporaries in the field of the mind. Mrs. Dorothea Brande, then, is an italicizing capitalizer (her preface to "Wake Up and Live!" is written in italics. She is fond of such capitalizations as "Will to Fail"). Mr. David Seabury, author of five books on "mentation," is an itemizing multiple-interrogator (I turned at random to page 168 of his "How to Worry Successfully" and came to four sentences in succession beginning with questions: "Need we argue . . .?Why should we not recognize . . .? Why should we not see . . .? Is there any reason why . . .?" In one place he itemizes thirty-three forms of "mentation" and right beside them, thirty-three "varieties of obliquity"). Dr. Walter B. Pitkin is an itemizing italicizer (my favorite of all his italics are these, from his "Psychology of Happiness." *"I enjoy the simultaneous flight of a half-dozen trains of ideas, which run on parallel tracks for a certain distance, then disappear, arriving nowhere."* This arriving nowhere of a half-dozen trains of ideas is a characteristic of the mentationists).

I want now to submit an example of expression-complex, or typographical elephantiasis, in its last stages. I quote, exactly, from Mr. George Winslow Plummer's "Consciously Creating Circumstances": *"In consciously creating circumstances we reverse the process of physical sight.* Instead of seeing mentally a picture of what we know already exists physically, we use this giant power within us by impressing our individual subjective mind WITH THE PICTURE OF WHAT WE WANT TO SEE COME ABOUT PHYSICALLY." This is an extreme case but it is by no means unique. Let us turn to the last page of Dr. Bisch's book and examine an almost identical condition:

"In any case, *follow these five simple rules.* Remind yourself of them morning and night. If necessary, paste them inside your hat!

STUDY YOURSELF
STOP REPROACHING YOURSELF
BE PROUD OF WHAT YOU ARE
TURN YOUR HANDICAPS INTO ASSETS
PROFIT BY YOUR NEUROSIS
Then
BE GLAD!"

After laying down a book by one of these elated exhorters you have the calming effect of getting out into the open air from a stuffy room in which someone has been shouting at his deaf aunt and bawling out a little child at the same time.

DR. LOUIS E. BISCH
An italicizing multiple-interrogator.

I have neither the space nor the strength to go in detail into Dr. Bisch's chapters, but I should like to quote a few passages, this time for content and not for form. If you want more, there is the Glad Book itself (and on the same counter you will find two dozen others just like it). Here we go: "I am claiming you should be glad you're neurotic. All the great thinkers and doers were glad. Take Alexander the Great, Caesar and Napoleon. Consider Michelangelo, Pascal, Pope, our own Poe, O. Henry, and Walt Whitman." "Fortify yourself against the emotional shock of the unexpected by reading literature and seeing plays and movies that actually depend for interest upon the unexpected. Mystery and detective stories are excellent. Shock yourself often in a vicarious manner and you won't be so shocked when the unexpected of a frightening or even harrowing nature occurs in real life. For the time being it may not make you glad but you surely will be glad later." "A man who *mislays* his hat either dislikes it, wants a new one, experienced unpleasantness when last he wore it, or he does not want to go out." "If a person leaves an umbrella or any other article in your house, you may be sure that he enjoyed his visit and would like to return." And my favorite: "But at least, and at last, sex has been fearlessly roped and thrown." (The marvel is they haven't broken its back.)

This will give you, I think, the flavor of the doctor's message, mystic, wonderful. In the back of his book there is a test you can take to see whether you are neurotic or normal. I came out, in all honesty, ninety-one percent normal, which means, for one thing, that I am the kind of person who would have bought —or maybe sold—one of those miniature ladders that were hawked in the streets of Flemington during the Hauptmann trial. It's all right there in Dr. Bisch's book.

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

Notes on the Road

Greensboro, N. C.

ONE great and unforgettable thrill was yesterday morning, at Duke University, when I heard the great carillon in the chapel tower playing tunes in the rain. The afternoon before, when I had gone up the great belfry in sunset light, the sexton showed me the whole team of bells (made by Taylor's of Loughborough, England, bell-founders for centuries) hanging silent. They weren't due to ring again until Friday, he said, and of course I was disappointed. "I wish you'd play *Dixie* on them," I said, but not supposing it would ever happen. Dr. Few, the president of Duke University, heard about this ambition, and sure enough, the next morning he very kindly asked the organist to oblige. So as we stood by an open window in the trustees' room the notes of that most moving of all tunes came clanging, rippling, pausing, through grey veils of rain. Something about the tone and tempo of *Dixie* seems to lend itself specially to the voice of bronze. That phrase of Elinor Wylie's, "Bronze trumpets and sea water" came into my mind. And when the organist followed this with the other tune I had asked for, I felt that if I wasn't careful my eyes were going to moisten on me. I hoped they'd only think it was the rain driving past the casement. Why didn't I think to ask for *John Peel*? I'd make a special trip to Duke any time to hear John Peel volleyed from the chapel tower, with "Ranter and Ruby and Bellman true" baying one another in bronze. A memorial indeed; and there stood Mr. J. B. Duke, bareheaded in the wet: the fine statue by Charles Keck, put up last year. Some observers, I learned, have been a little shocked by the informality of the sculpture, showing him with his walking stick in one hand and a cigar in the other. It seemed to me a superb touch, the courage to show the man as he actually was; and a true echo of the medieval artist's good instinct, to represent the departed warrior with his characteristic weapon, tool or emblem of trade.

These notes, written on the wing, are unavoidably meagre, inadequate to report most exciting adventures. How provincial is the New Yorker: when I said to a booking clerk in a Manhattan office "I think I'd better go by Seaboard Air Line" she replied, "Oh, do you want to go by plane?" I had a delightful afternoon ramble on the campus of the University of Delaware, so incredibly changed from the little place it was when I went there once, some 27 years ago, to play soccer in the mud. I hope they didn't think I was merely jocular when I said it was an ideal site for a university—just between two main lines of railroad on neither of which do the trains stop (except on special request). To be aware of the onrush of the world, and to hear it going by, but without letting it be a nuisance, is not a bad condition for the student.

On the Seaboard Air Line train I picked up the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* and found a controversy going on which sounded familiar to me. Apparently the columnist of the paper was under fire: he had been on leave of absence during the political campaign (in which he evidently backed the wrong horse) and now his readers seemed to be warmly divided as to whether they wanted him back or

THE CHAPEL, DUKE UNIVERSITY

not. Be of good heart, Mr. Cavalier (*The Cavalier* is the name of Mr. T. L. Hunter's column) and accept a word of greeting from the Bowling Green which also has frequently (and deservedly) been the target of letters of marque and reprisal from Old Subscriber. I read the Cavalier's gracefully written column for that day, though I found myself at odds with his thesis. He expressed the familiar notion that age is conservative and youth is progressive, visionary, inventive. In my observation it is quite different. Youth is more usually Tory, conventional, imitative and eager to do things as they have been done; is it not the mature who are more desperately eager to experiment and take chances?

I knew I was really in the Southland when the train stopped at Raleigh, and I saw an unmistakable broad-brimmed black hat of most Congressional shape. There, by mere and happy coincidence, was the editor of the Raleigh *News and Observer*. For the moment our usual roles were reversed: he was the Observer and I was News.

Here in Greensboro, of course O. Henry is much in my mind. I write from the comfortable O. Henry Hotel, where the bedrooms all have framed copies of drawings made by Gordon Grant for the de luxe edition of the stories. The first place I went to visit, of course, was the drugstore on Elm Street where O. Henry once clerked. It is, of course, completely altered, but I felt sure that something would be obtainable as a sentimental souvenir. I naturally supposed that, as in almost every drugstore in America, there would be literature for sale, but a pretty little dulcet creature in a green smock seemed bewildered by a request for books. But I looked around until, behind the hot water bottles, I found some. By the happiest chance it was O. Henry's own favorite; the book he refers to so often and with which he used to spend long evenings in the ranch-house in Texas; the book which he once reviewed in his newspaper column to the effect that its author had a wonderful stock of language and always used the right word in the right place. It was selling for 29 cents (plus 1 cent tax) and I bought a copy. I gave it to the Quill Club of the Woman's College here in Greensboro, a group of delicious nymphs who are concerned about journalism. I assured them that this book, properly studied, would solve all their problems—and, as you've guessed, it was a Webster's Dictionary.

Even the radio, down here, talks with the most endearing softening of the vowels. In the hotel at Durham a State Baptist Convention was going on, and great flocks of Baptist ladies from remote parishes were greeting each other and fixing to do thus and so. I couldn't help loitering about the lobby for the sheer joy of hearing them talk. The very first thing I saw in Durham was a bus marked MANGUM ST., which was an item of O. Henriana for me; my only acquaintance with the name had been one of his heroines called, if I remember, Martha May Mangum. And at the dinner of the Friends of the Duke Library I learned that they are planning some sort of annual mardi gras or feast of folly to revive the legend of Jesse Holmes the Fool Killer, famous in Carolina folk lore.

(*Continued on page* 16)

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Minority Report

(*Continued from page 4*)

and exalted—or the result will be preposterous. And Mr. O'Neill has no such meaning to convey. He has only a number of platitudes which would be comfortably accommodated to the one-acters of Washington Square from which he graduated, or to Dads' Night at a prep school drama festival, but which come out flat and unchanged through as elaborate a mechanism as was ever devised to amplify inanities.

The same lack of profundity, subtlety, and distinguished imagination is quite as clear in the next cycle where, turning from symbolism, Mr. O'Neill occupied himself with racial myths and the unconscious mind. Probably the Nobel award was based on "Strange Interlude" and "Mourning Becomes Electra," and yet these plays only emphasize what the others had made clear. Here all the strains meet and blend—the novelties of the little theater substituting for knowledge of the human heart, dodges and devices, a fortissimo assertion of significance, and a frantic grappling with what seem to be immensities but turn out to be one-syllable ideas and mostly wrong at that. The biggest wind-machine in our theatrical history is used to assist the enunciation of platitudes. Mr. O'Neill is dealing with ideas that elude him and straining for achievements beyond his power. Now it may well be that what he tries to do in these plays cannot be done in the theater at all. But a more flagrant point is that the significances he announces to us are elementary and even rudimentary. The intention is again cosmic but the meaning is very simple indeed, and though the effects are sometimes marvellously successful as theater they are false as life. Many times these plays reach the highest possible level of theatrical effectiveness, by reason of a superb craftsmanship working for the ends of the theater in the theater's terms. (With an overtone from many generations of surefire stuff, and the ghost of Monte Cristo raising a finger aloft and intoning "One!") But it is just that—it is not something more. Malicious animal magnetism destroying an unloved husband, a box of poison pills on papa's corpse—that is an expert playwright bringing the audience out of its chairs for the golden half-second. But it is not a sudden flood of light cast by genius into the dark recesses of the soul—it is not great drama giving us understanding more abundantly. Mr. O'Neill intended it to be that, and the burden of the Nobel award is that he succeeded. But what does he tell us, what does he show us, that we did not know before? Wherein is his wisdom, his revelation? Nowhere do we encounter the finality or the reconciliation of great art, nowhere is any fragment of human life remade for us in understanding and splendor. What he tells us is simple, familiar, superficial, and even trite—and because of a shallow misunderstanding of Freud and a windy mysticism, sometimes flatly wrong. It is not great drama for it is not great knowledge. You may add a new volume to the Rover Boys series by setting the action in the unconscious mind, but they will still be the Rover Boys.

Mr. O'Neill has given us many pleasurable evenings in the theater, though he has also given us some pretty tiresome ones. But he has never yet given us an experience of finality, of genius working on the material proper to genius, of something profound and moving said about life. Just why, then, the Nobel Prize?

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The Bowling Green

(*Continued from page 14*)

Him too I knew only by allusion in O. Henry.

The great name of J. Gordon Coogler (of Columbia, South Carolina) is still affectionately remembered down here; in fact a group of kinsprits got together late in the evening at Duke University to read aloud some of Coogler's magnificences. Dixie herself, since her many triumphs in recent years, enjoys as much as anyone Coogler's famous lines

> Alas for the South! her books have grown fewer,
> She never was given to literature.

As the old fairy tale used to say, It is not so, Nor it was not so, and God forbid it should be so.

There is also the delight of seeing the autumn colors all over again, for the foliage we have already lost on Long Island is here still in full leaf and color. When the train paused in the railroad yards outside Raleigh for coal and water I noticed a Pullman porter exercising a Yankee dog, a bright little bobtailed terrier. After his night in the baggage car with what ecstatic curiosity he was nosing the red earth along the embankment; he strained and trembled with passionate inquiry: something splendidly different he discerned in earth and air and smell. I know just how he felt, and I've got a free hour or so myself before the next jump. I'm going out to look for a long-leaf pine tree.

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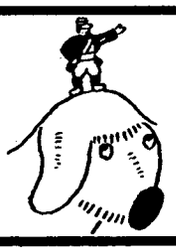

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Research in the Jungle

THE MAN INSIDE. By V. F. Calverton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by L. Cabot Hearn

MR. CALVERTON, editor of *The Modern Monthly* and a graduate of Johns Hopkins, is an intelligent writer with some valuable works to his credit. He has now produced a peculiar long novel with some of the attributes that, in my youth, made the novels of Jules Verne so absorbing. It concerns chiefly a strange exile from civilization who exercises great influence over the primitive tribes of a tropical jungle and goes under the odd name of Joli Coeur. In an introductory note to the reader by an hypothetical Thomas Tyndall we gather that "Joli Coeur" is really Tyndall's brother John who, faced with a sentence for manslaughter (through no fault of his), jumped his bail and disappeared. Years afterward a diary turned up, sent in to the head of the New York Medical Society by one Allen Steele. This diary is the book Mr. Calverton has written. It tells of Steele's adventures among the "Xulus," and all about Joli Coeur.

Joli Coeur is a scientist working out certain experiments on animals and savages in order to reach the fundamental in man, feeling deeply that "it is not logic but emotion which determines human conduct," hoping through full understanding of "The Man Inside" to work out some way of changing the habit-patterns of mankind and settling the individual's strife between himself and the cosmos, between himself and the group, and between individuals. The book is full of lengthy disquisitions by the scientist on his ideas and experiments. There is a great deal said about man's mind being only a part of his body, about the necessity for surmounting man's fear of death, about people not being convinced by truth but by suggestion, about the importance of biology, about love of a specific individual being the result of the suggestive mechanisms involved, and about man's religious attitude. Mr. Calverton brings to bear on his general subject much knowledge of actual advanced experiments. He is considerably informed and usually interesting, though inclined to be diffuse and repetitive. With the ideology of the novel there can be no great quarrel.

When, however, one comes to characters and actual episodes (granted the fantastic atmosphere) it is a different story. All the characters seem to talk alike, with the voice of Mr. Calverton. Perhaps the diary form is unfortunate. What is done is usually talked *about*, and rather pedantically. Occasionally one gets the impact of the thing actually happening, but then it is likely to be overwritten. This is "a novel of ideas," granted, but it takes an H. G. Wells to do the scientific-fantastic!

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A Shipmaster in the Golden Days

THE CHRONICLE OF AARON KANE. By Frederick Wight. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1936. $3.

Reviewed by George Homans

COMPARATIVELY few historical novels are good for any other reason than that they are good reading. Writers have a hard enough time making their own times plausible. They must sweat if they would bring the dead to life. And if the dead worked in a trade which is as far removed from the experience of modern men as that of taking a square-rigged vessel to sea, keeping her afloat, and making a passage, then the difficulties are approximately insuperable. Mr. Wight hoped to dominate these difficulties, and, it appears from the internal evidence of his novel, without having been to sea himself. The attempt was hardy. It calls for an author who has been aboard a hooker when she went over the bar, and whom the mate has knocked down—as in the chantey—with the end of a spar.

For Aaron Kane is a shipmaster, in the golden day of American sailing ships. He made all the voyages a boy who was raised in a Cape Cod town in the '40s, and ran away to sea, might have made if he got all the breaks:—spring fishing on the Georges, across to Liverpool and back in a Black Ball packet, to the Mediterranean and to the East in ships out of Boston, only to have his vessel burnt by *Alabama* off Cape St. Roque. Mr. Wight tells us that all this time Aaron is going through a spiritual struggle which is at last resolved. But Aaron experiences this, not we. He is kept too busy to become a personality. His business clearly is to be a rack on which are hung descriptions of ships and the sea, together with the standard bedroom scenes—the shots in the arm without which few modern novels can keep on their feet.

Though Mr. Wight has studied hard, has read the right books and talked to the right people, even his ships do not sail, though his narrative and seascape are often vigorously written. Nothing can make up for not having been there oneself. All the men who have written great books about seafaring have been seamen. Fortunately America has more than her share of these great books, as she had more than her share of great ships: Cooper, once a naval officer—see his magnificent descriptions in "The Pilot" of the handling of men-of-war—, Dana of the brig *Pilgrim*, and Melville, not the Melville of "Moby Dick" alone, but the Melville also of "Redburn" and "White Jacket," wherein he writes of voyages Aaron Kane might have made. In these the reader will still find more convincing ships and seamen than in this "Chronicle."

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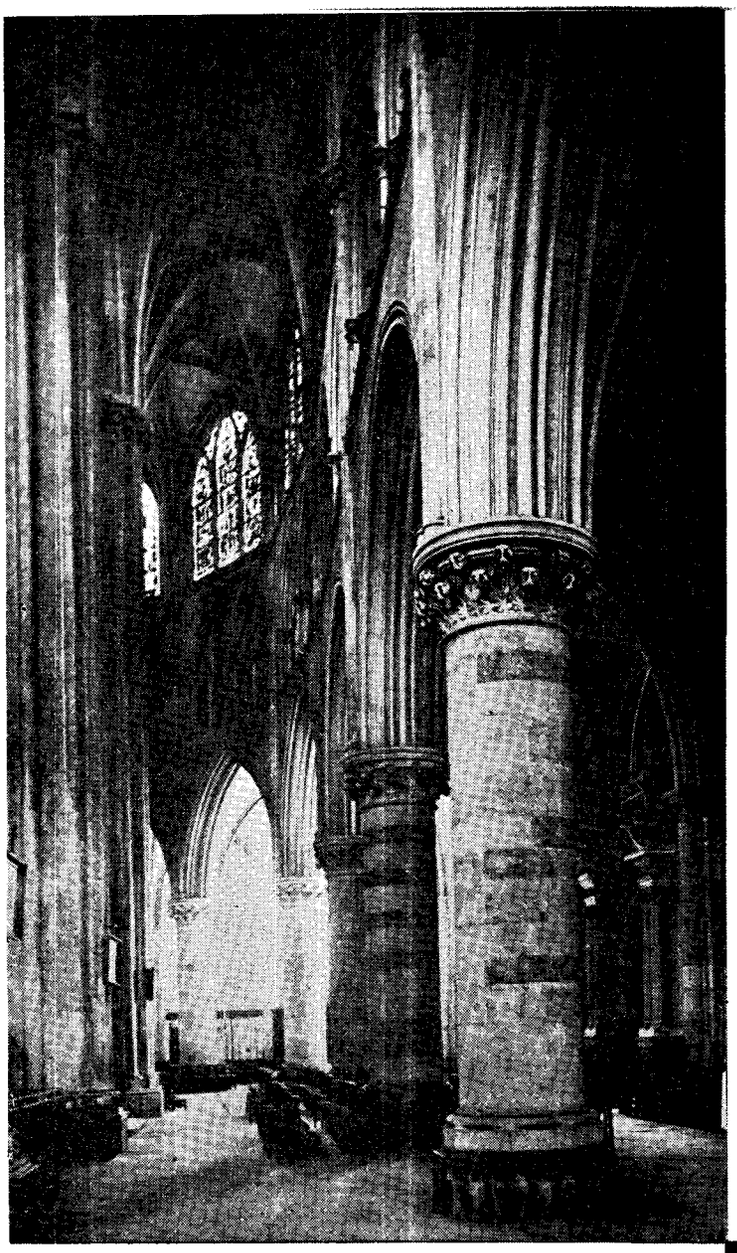

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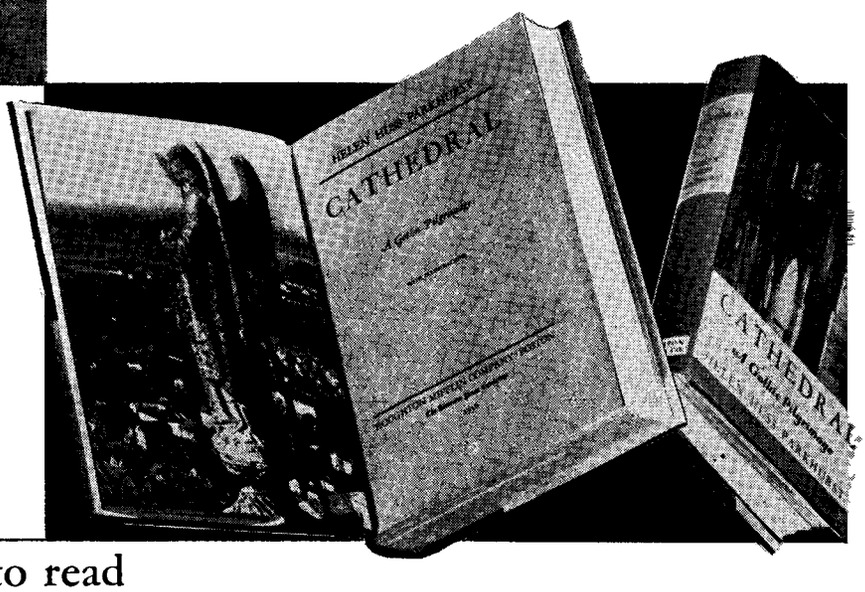

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The Spanish Struggle

SPAIN IN REVOLT. By Harry Gannes and Theodore Repard. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1936. $2.

Reviewed by CHARLES A. THOMSON

SPAIN, so long on the margin of world interest, now commands the spotlight. The civil struggle in the peninsula has gripped attention not merely because of its drama, tragic and cruel as that is. Spain stands as a portent in the contemporary world. In its warfare two forces have grappled, whose impact threatens internal conflict to other nations, an international conflict which may divide Europe. To some the fighting in Spain symbolizes the fight of socialism—or democracy—against fascism; to others the defense of order and tradition against the "revolt of the masses." For both points of view the present intense and bloody combat has a significance which far transcends the borders of Spain.

Among the host of books which will answer this new interest, the present volume is one of the first. Its contents fall into two parts. The first presents a rapid historical sketch, particularly of the period from the fall of Alfonso in 1931 to the outbreak of the present revolt. It tells the story of the 1931-1933 Socialist-Republican coalition, its new constitution and its essays at agrarian reform, labor legislation, expansion of popular education, limitation of the Church's political and economic power, and extension of autonomy to Catalonia. But in 1933 came reaction with Lerroux and Gil Robles and much of the revolutionary gains were swept away. The left-wing revolt of October 1934 was ruthlessly crushed. But labor and liberal forces were soon to rally. A Popular Front was formed, which united middle-class republicans with socialists and communists. In the elections of February 1936, the Popular Front triumphed; and the reform crusade was taken up with new vigor, only to be checked by the army revolt in July of this year.

The second part of the book discusses briefly the economic and social factors which have separated Left and Right so widely in Spain. It carries chapters on the economic roots of revolution, the agrarian question, the church, the army, regionalism, and the labor movement. The last brings out some of the reasons for the schism between Socialists and Anarcho-Syndicalists, which has long weakened the cause of the workers.

The authors depict Spain as a country whose conservative institutions root less in capitalism than in feudalism. In the peninsula feudal forms have remained longer entrenched than in any other western European nation. The grandees, estimated to number 20,000 to 30,000, still dominate agriculture, owning fifty-one percent of the country's area. The church is linked by its own large holdings to reactionary social forces. This fact, together with repeated reports that in the present revolt its priests have taken arms with the rebels, its temples have been used as sniping posts, provides some explanation for the burning in a Catholic country of numerous church edifices. The army completes the triumvirate of institutions, substantially satisfied with Spain as it has been, and determined to resist the threat of fundamental political and social change. Last July it took the initiative, in the attack on the legally established government of the Popular Front. But in the conflict to date it has clearly carried with it the sympathy and support of its allied institutions.

The book's portrayal of Spain's struggle is marred by evidences of hasty preparation, in careless sentences and numerous small inaccuracies. But the volume's value for the general reader is affected less by these minor faults than by the general viewpoint of the authors. Both are members of the staff of the *Daily Worker*. They interpret the Spanish scene in accord with the official communist "line" now orthodox at Moscow. This view involves among other matters, exaggeration of the role played by the Communist Party in Spain, whose adherents prior to the revolt did not apparently exceed 50,000. Such a partisan point of view affects not only discussion of conservative and reactionary elements, but also judgments concerning such Left groups as the Socialists, the Anarcho-Syndicalists, and the semi-Trotzkyite P.O.U.M. Despite these faults, the authors have done a useful job.

Mr. Thomson is Washington representative of the Foreign Policy Association.

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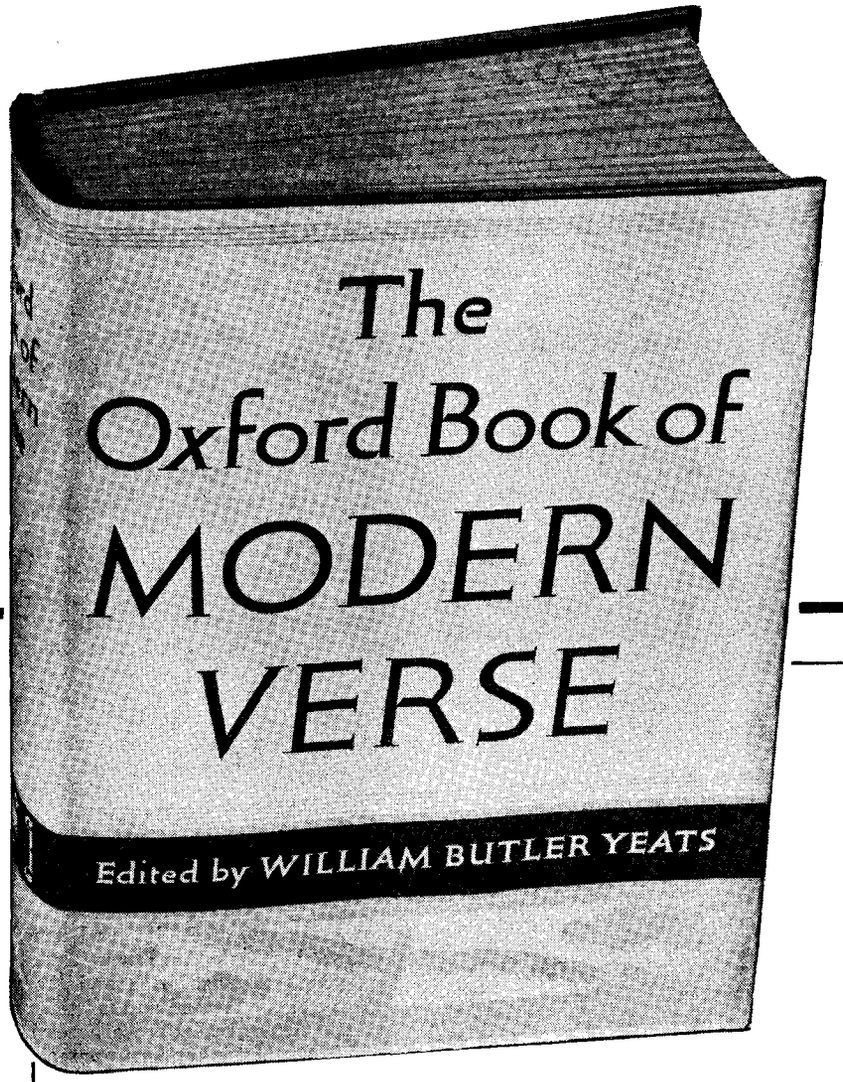

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The PHŒNIX NEST

CONTEMPORARY POETRY: BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

JOSEPH Auslander's new book of poems, "More Than Bread" (Macmillan. $1.50), is smaller in bulk than his last, but the skill of his hand is in it. His text is

> The mind knows too much,
> Breeding a barren art;
> Wisdom, abhorring such,
> Inhabits the heart.

and in "Simple Music" he declares

> I will follow my heart's unpopular fashion,
> Pluck my song to the blood's old measure,
> Dance to my own pipe, come what will,
> Damn private gain and public pleasure,
> Knowing how Time's hard truth must treasure
> The simple music still.

This sorts with my own feeling. The whole book is specially for poets. It is—quite frankly—"writing about writing," save in a few instances. The longest and last poem in it is in praise of poetry and there are others that deal with matters every poet knows. "The Hunger of the Word," "Thoughts," "Splendour of Words," "Dark Treason," "To the New Poets," and so on. The Person from Porlock, who interrupted Coleridge, is dealt with; Socrates, John Bunyan, John Keats, and the late A. E. Housman and Elinor Wylie.

Also, however, there are "The Aspen," "Feet of Clay" (an unusual love poem), "Adolescence," observations of nature of which "Alien" and "The Snail" are two of the best, and certain meditations on death. I do not think this one of Mr. Auslander's best books, but I do think it better worth reading than a great deal of contemporary prose. It is the fruit of months of enforced seclusion, and, in a sense, is a marking of time for the poet. He does not surpass in it several notable things he has done before, but I can readily give an example to show the power of phrase that still possesses him:

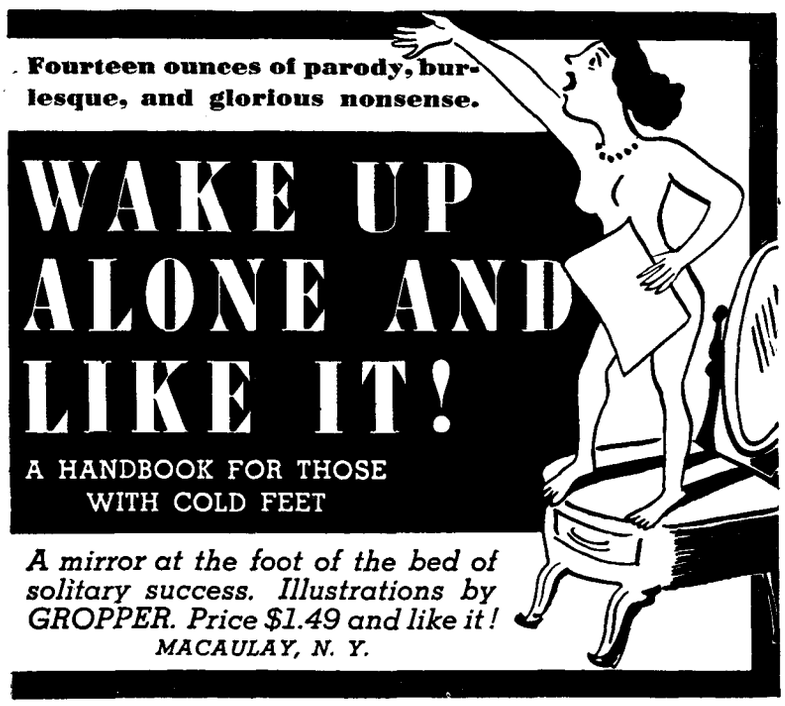
> A faith as furious and blind,
> A secret and a terrible force
> Flog the poet and his kind
> Like the salmon to his source,
> Like the lemming to his doom,
> Like the locust to his burning,
> Back into the difficult womb,
> Fierce and punctual returning.

When Max Eastman, whose abilities I very much respect, has his fling at the lack in poets in general of scientific thinking, in his "The Literary Mind," this is just what—it seems to me—he misses; which is strange, as he is a poet himself.

I have been very much interested in Elizabeth Atkins's critical study of Edna St. Vincent Millay in "Edna St. Vincent Millay and Her Times" (University of Chicago Press. $3.). It is most unusual for a living poet to have such a thorough analysis of her work made in her lifetime. In general I think this a sound study, if one discounts an understandable tendency on the part of the writer to let her enthusiasm for the poet and her work at times run away with her. There is a very good presentation of Miss Millay's artistic development against a background of the changing attitude toward life and art in America, in sections IV through VIII, which brings us down to the time of "The Buck in the Snow" and the writing, after the Sacco-Vanzetti executions, of "Justice Denied in Massachusetts." Miss Atkins says some shrewd things about the history of poetic theory during those times. She also delves deeply into the chief influences that have shaped Miss Millay's philosophy of life and her art, bringing a scholarly mind to bear upon the analysis of her style. The sonnet sequence, "Fatal Interview," is the subject of a close examination, supported by first-hand information, which will be source material for years, and the study ends with an examination of "Wine From These Grapes."

One feature of this work that I found peculiar was the jumble of other contemporary poetic names, by way of reference, when they bear upon the narrative. It makes me somewhat doubtful of Miss Atkins's knowledge of Miss Millay's contemporaries. Her eye has been so singly upon the subject of her study that the other poets of the time are relegated to ambiguous perspective. But this is a book of ardent enthusiasm as well as of scholarly acumen. I think Miss Millay's own nature—and it is a fine one—emerges convincingly. She is a living human being in this book. I jibbed rather at the writer's always referring to her as "Millay." To be sure, we say Bernhardt and Duse, but heretofore I know of no woman poet who has ever been referred to by one name only, save Sappho. But that is a matter of taste. I am glad that so fine a woman poet is also so widely popular; and I am glad she has so understanding a biographer.

A new edition revised and greatly enlarged of Mark Van Doren's "An Anthology of World Poetry" (Reynal & Hitchcock. $3.75) is very welcome, as is another volume from the same firm, "An Anthology of English and American Poetry," by Mark Van Doren. This latter includes the English, Irish, and American sections of the former, and is itself priced at $2.50. These books are a necessity for the library of the modern appreciator of poetry. Naturally, certain criticisms could be made of their contents, as in the case of all anthologies, but they are, on the whole, expert collections. "The Oxford Book of Modern Verse," edited by William Butler Yeats ($3.), is worth everyone's possessing because it constitutes the temperamental choice of a great poet. To be impudent, I think I could have added certain poems to Yeats's own selections from himself, I do not care for his selections from Masefield, and I myself should give no such prominence to the poetry of Oliver St. John Gogarty. In his introduction Yeats explains why there is really no representation of American poets (though Pound and Eliot are included)—a distinguished American poet urged him not to attempt it—yet one ponders on the title of the book, and, if one is an American, smiles wryly.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Previews & Reviews*

BY

Sterling North

A prayer for my son

"If you have a son of your own, or if you are merely on the side-lines watching other boys being prepared for the slaughter, this book will be on your autumn schedule. A strong story with a powerful message and with a character —Col. Fawcus—worthy of your hate," says Mr. North of the new novel of contemporary English life by Hugh Walpole, creator of *Rogue Herries, Judith Paris,* and *Captain Nicholas.* And the N. Y. *Times* says, "Mr. Walpole is an extremely accomplished novelist, and whatever theme he may elect to exploit, he is certain to build a story both interesting and arresting."

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*This is one of a series of advertisements featuring prominent literary critics. Our guest reviewer for this month is Sterling North, of the Chicago *Daily News*, whose novel, "Night Outlasts the Whippoorwill", has just been published by Macmillan. *Doubleday, Doran*

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The New Books

Belles Lettres

THE ENGLISH NOVELISTS: A Survey of the Novel by Twenty Contemporary Novelists. Edited by Derek Verschoyle. Harcourt, Brace. 1936. $2.50.

This book is good or not good according to what you read it for. Regarded as a series of pleasing and sometimes shrewd essays on novelists by contemporaries more or less famous who write novels themselves, it is an often interesting and frequently useful book. But this is not its purpose, which is stated by the editor to be to supply that history of the English novel which with the exception of Professor Walter Raleigh's survey does not exist. The editor, incidentally, is ignorant apparently of Governor Cross's excellent "Development of the English Novel" which is the most satisfactory historical study of the period ending about 1900 that has been written. Since, according to the editor, no book supplies this need and comes up to date, and since, as he candidly says, he has not the requisite scholarship to do the job himself, he has picked out the novelists he regards as vital in the history of the novel beginning with Chaucer and has asked a group of his contemporaries including Rose Macaulay, Elizabeth Bowen, Edwin Muir, H. E. Bates, L. A. G. Strong, and others less well known, each to take a significant novelist and write him up. This method produces, as has been suggested, a good collection of essays but, as has so often been discovered before, a very bad history. We get different points of view of the novel, half a dozen different kinds of treatment, and intensely localized studies unaware of the broad development to which they are supposed to contribute. One can also question Mr. Verschoyle's choice of his significant novelists. Whole aspects of the novel are not represented in their original phases by the names he chooses, and this would be a serious fault in a history. The book, however, is not a history, not even a survey. It is a collection of critical essays and as such must be read and judged.

H. S. C.

Fiction

WINDS OVER THE CAMPUS. By James Weber Linn. Bobbs-Merrill. 1936. $2.50.

What does a college professor think about? We have been told often enough what a college freshman and sophomore and junior and senior think about. A college novel by a professor of thirty years' standing is a pleasant novelty.

But what a college professor thinks about is apparently chiefly undergraduates. Undergraduates who, playing for the first time in the varsity lineup, score the winning touchdown in the big game of the season. Shy undergraduates from Kansas who join the Delta Psi Alpha fraternity and become big shots. Shy coeds in homemade dresses who at their first fraternity dance panic the stagline. Handsome, brooding undergraduates who love Marx more than marks: honor more than coeds; until, that is, life triumphs over Engel in a convenient hospital bed.

There is the material here for a very bad novel, but "Winds Over the Campus" is not nearly so bad as we have made it sound. The real subject of the book is the University — a university which remains anonymous but which is without much difficulty identified as Chicago: Chicago at the time that chain-druggist Walgreen withdrew his niece because she was asked to parse a sentence from the Soviet Primer. The wind over the campus is radicalism. An undergraduate slugs a policeman who is trying to arrest him for distributing copies of the *Daily Worker*; a local newspaper scents the opportunity for a circulation-building crusade; the state is asked to interfere. Fascism *vs.* the right to free speech, free thought.

There is material here for a very good novel, but again we must qualify. There is a deal of talk about university ideals, the ends of education, etc., but it remains largely talk. Professor Grant — "Granty" to you — through whom most of the story is told, is a liberal. A liberal being a person who holds the right views but lacks the courage and single-mindedness to do anything about them. Granty has been first an undergraduate and then a professor at the university for upwards of forty years. He is popular with his students and colleagues and in his own home. He is not a brilliant or profound scholar, but he has been a successful teacher. He is sometimes rather ashamed of his own compromise—as, for example, when one of his students has the bad taste to commit suicide—but he is more inclined to accept it with some smugness. Lamar, the undergraduate radical, refers to him in one of his more bitter moods as "an old Boy Scout. . . . He thinks 'to be honest, to be cheerful, to be kind,' is a philosophy of life." The justice of this criticism does not alter the fact that the portrait of Professor Grant is the best in the book. The chief values of the novel indeed, are not in its ideas or theme, which furnish only the structure, but in the human relationships which finally, after a bad start, with some difficulty emerge.

D. B.

THE TALLONS. By William March. Random. 1936. $2.50.

The characters involved in this novel are the simple and unimaginative families of skilled sawmill laborers in a small Alabama town. Economics, class, and race issues enter the book scarcely at all. The people have adequate amounts of mediocre food and ugly shelter which they take as a matter of course with no concept of and no apparent capacity for meliorations thereof. And there is no reason why these problems should be dwelt

(*Continued on page* 27)

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE CRIMSON HAIR MURDERS *D. and H. Teilhet* (Crime Club: $2.)	Famous green sword-umbrella of Baron von Kaz used to slay red-headed gal. Pyrotechnics follow.	Bibulous baron carries weight of rather confusing yarn on his aristocratic shoulders — to knockout finish.	Satisfactory
THE GHOST MAN *Gerald Verner* (Macaulay: $2.)	Hidden fortune of executed criminal leads to death and danger until Montague Smith unmasks killer.	For the most part a pretty commonplace thriller but the finish is surprising—if nothing else.	Fluff
THE PIED CRIMINAL RECORD *The S. R. L. staff*	Wrong descriptions attached to three titles in Nov. 14 *Criminal Record* result in confusion among publishers and detective story fans.	Mystery still unsolved, but corrected records of manhandled volumes are printed in the spaces below.	Errata
THE CROOKS' SHEPHERD *Selden Truss* (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard: $2.)	Escaped convicts who take over English baronial hall and its crotchety lord make much trouble for unusually lethargic Yard.	Advent of Paunceforte, stammering, begoggled sleuth with original ideas, promises much, but, alas, yarn goes haywire in the end.	Disappointing
THE DOVER TRAIN MYSTERY *Anthony Gilbert* (Dial Press: $2.)	French movie actor staging London comeback found poisoned. Insp. Field and Dupuy of Sureté have lovely time tracking killer.	Despite meaningless title and lumbering action, story is completely redeemed by inexhaustible exuberance of clever Gallic detective.	Good—but exasperating
DESIGN FOR MURDER *F. A. Kummer* (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard: $2.)	Senator's wife stabbed and too talkative young playwright finds himself suspected of this and second murder. Desprit, he stalks killer.	Washington society background a bit thick and sleuthing somewhat helter-skelter but the plot is intricate and intriggin'.	Passable

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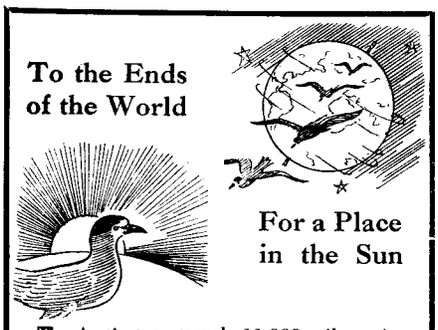

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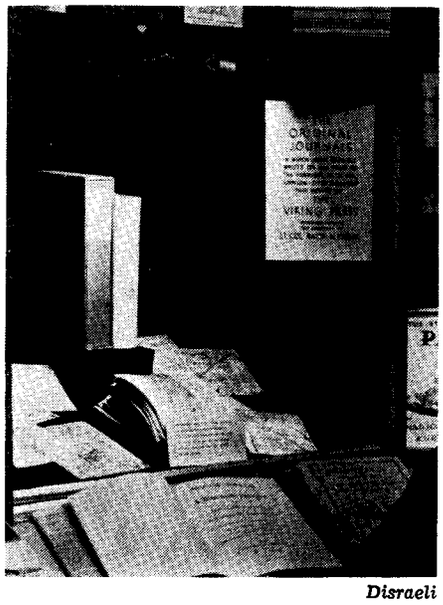
The Wood and the Trees

I WENT up to the *Times* Book Fair the other day to see some old friends whom I used to know in a bookish sort of way—Will Caslon, John Baskerville, Jack Bell, Giambatista Bodoni, and a few others. At first I couldn't find them, though an obliging young woman at one of the booths introduced me to a lot of young striplings who claimed to be related to my friends. They did have the family likeness, but they all showed the effects of late hours and too many cocktails. Eventually I found them hiding in glass cases in an obscure corridor, but evidently other friends of theirs were there, too, for there was a great crowd of people around the cases, and I could only wave them a greeting and pass on.

I sought out another acquaintance, Ottmar Mergenthaler, and I found him still active and changed but little. Near him were a pair of "city slickers," a streamlined Darby and Joan, and Darby was explaining how O. M. performed his miracles. "You see there is a lot of soft lead in the machine, and when a key is struck a sample letter impresses itself in the lead. Then it is passed through cold water, and put in a long block in a pan and printed. Then the printed paper is cut into pages and makes a book." Joan was troubled: "Then how do they get the blank spaces at the top and bottom of the pages?" Darby knew: "That's done on this machine," and he led her to the folding machine. I looked at Ottmar. He took another gulp of molten lead, wiped off his whiskers, and took the second elevator away from the confusion. I wondered if Darby and Joan were getting adult education. And I thought of Mr. Knopf's colophons . . . and went back to the other exhibits.

But it was difficult to see the *books*.



Disraeli

BOSWELL'S MS. OF "THE JOURNAL OF A TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES"

Disraeli

THE GUTENBERG BIBLE

The pictures on this page are reproductions of exhibits at the Book Fair.

There were attractive feminine attendants, and the showmanship was superb—the decorators have done a good job, and the general effect is homogeneous. But what I saw was a magnificent display of *book jackets*. That's the impression I carried away—I might as well have gone to a Junior League fashion show. I know that there were books there—the Fair is a Book Fair. But somehow it looked more like a miniature poster show. I wish all book jackets were of cellophane, which I am told will decay and vanish in a few years at most. After all, the book's the thing. I liked the *Times's* own exhibit, because it didn't have any jackets round the clay tablets and the papyrus—one could see them for what they are!

Still, 'twas a good show, and maybe more people are interested in books than we think.

Notes

MARTHA'S VINEYARD: A SUMMER RESORT. By H. B. Hough. Rutland: Tuttle. 1936.

The Vineyard is a small and relatively obscure island off the Massachusetts coast south of Cape Cod; it is coterminous with "the County of Dukes County," and its story as unfolded in this book reads like the microcosmic history of American "enterprize" and "promotion." There are many most entertaining pictures, but they might have been printed with more sparkle.

A VULCAN AMONG THE ARGONAUTS. By John Carr. San Francisco: Geo. Fields. 1936. $3.

John Carr's story did not interest me as much as the fact that this book was printed by hand on a press made and sold by the firm of Palmer & Ray, pioneer printers' supply men on the Pacific Coast in the '80's, by Mr. Wilder Bentley.

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The New Books

(*Continued from page 24*)

on further by Mr. March for he is concerned with other matters. He is here ostensibly writing of character development and deterioration and the involutions of personal relationships. Unfortunately he almost lets the novel fall to the level of the melodrama of the events which occur in conjunction with these relationships, though there is never any attempt to raise gratuitous goose-flesh. Mr. March gives a most vivid and accurate picture, at times a masterly picture, of the recurring moods and delusions and rages of a victim of paranoia, but he does little to show us how this particular person got or could have got into such a state.

The stratum of society Mr. March depicts has not been written about to any extent. Its trivial habits, appearance, speech, and dearth of interests are portrayed in "The Tallons" with exactness. Several of the minor characters stand out more clearly than minor characters customarily do. But the people dealt with in the book are from that level of mankind at least superficially less interesting than their more complex "superiors" or more picturesque "inferiors," and hence require of an author exceptional insight and sensitiveness to make from them an outstanding novel of character and relationships.

P. S.

DAVID AND JOANNA. By George Blake. Holt. 1936. $2.

David and Joanna took to the Scotch countryside on bicycles to escape troubles at home. They were happy in their idyll and their tent, until the approach of winter and a baby drove them back to Glasgow. There they married. Joanna thought it was defeat, but David got a job in a saloon and felt like a responsible citizen.

This is a slight tale about small people. David and Joanna are unequipped in a depressed industrial world. Joanna sees life as a fight to keep away from Glasgow and to keep David from yielding to convention. David doesn't see that there is any fight. If you want to know about Scotch bicyclers and David and Joanna, this is a pleasant story.

M. S.

GLORY'S CHILDREN. By Hilton Brown. Knopf. 1936. $2.50.

This is a very sound and substantial history of a British family's three generations in India, one of those crowded chronicles which every British novelist feels it his duty to produce, at least once. Mr. Brown has performed that duty excellently, and while we can offer no great enthusiasm for even so good a reworking of the family-chronicle pattern there remains this to say: that his success in packing so much vitality and interest into that stale pattern is a good augury. For his story is vital, both in scene and drama. The lush, heavy atmosphere of India is evoked in thorough detail, and the Cowal family, from the first Rosslyn to the last, come alive as a variegated gallery of characters recognizable for their differences as well as their family

(*Continued on page 30*)

If you liked **OIL for the LAMPS of CHINA** you will like even more **Alice Tisdale Hobart's** heroic story of an American doctor who gave his life for the many.

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"It may well surpass the success of OIL for the LAMPS OF CHINA, for its hero is an American doctor, who by nature as well as profession gives without stint. Also the period is more dramatic."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Vast theme . . . thoughtful . . . stimulating."
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"Mrs. Hobart deals with lovable human beings of fine sensitivity, of great courage, of deep emotionalism, and of unusual capacity for selfless living. She exhibits rare art and skill. Her hero rises to heights which are classic."—George E. Sokolsky, *Saturday Review of Literature.*

"This is by far Mrs. Hobart's finest book. Winding through the brilliant exposition of West-in-East runs the delightful thread of Peter's love affair. In *Yang and Yin* there is a breadth of vision, a harmony of ordered beauty, of the force of goodness transcending petty human endeavors, of everlasting striving." — *Boston Transcript.* $2.50

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Trade Winds

Mr. Bump at the Book Fair

BY BENNETT A. CERF

ANTHONY BUMP, Fifty-Seventh Street's contribution to the book publishing business, and positively the only person born in Baltimore since 1890 who didn't go to school with Wallie Simpson, hailed the announcement of the Book Fair in Radio City with infectious enthusiasm. His jubilance could be explained partly by the fact that the idea had been generated to some degree right in his own slightly cockeyed office and partly by the undeniable importance and prestige lent to the undertaking by the sponsorship of the *New York Times*. Certainly, until the High Command of the *Times* stopped deciding what books were pure enough to be advertised in their sanctified columns long enough to take the Fair under their very competent wings, the explosive Mr. Bump had always listed book fairs as one of the three greatest menaces and aggravations of his publishing career.

Aggravation number one, uncontested (Tony told me), was the buyer of a great department store not too far from New York, whose unfailing boorishness and discourtesy to Tony and every other young book salesman who had to submit to his studied nastiness in order to keep their jobs, and whose magnificent unfitness for the post he had clung to so long by God knows what inner drag with the management, had sent Bump into countless spasms of rage, and inspired a whole series of insulting letters in the best Bump manner, all of which had been destroyed by either himself or his partners before they were posted.

Aggravation number two was "coöperative advertising," so-called because the publishers coöperated by paying all the bills, the local papers coöperated by selling the space at their regular rates, and the booksellers coöperated by letting the publishers send them two extra copies of every book mentioned in the ad—on consignment.

But aggravation number three, as I have noted above, was assuredly the book fair craze, introduced innocently and legitimately a few years ago by a few large Mid-Western concerns who went to infinite trouble and expense themselves, put on fine shows, and really whipped up the community interest, but prostituted thereafter by chiselling, publicity seeking phonies all over the country who wrote to the publishers literally demanding cash donations, autographed books, electric displays, prominent authors to make speeches and do fan dances, sixteen cylinder Cadillacs, and the front line of the Paradise chorus. "Play ball with us and we'll play ball with you" they chorused. There were more ball players in the book business than in the whole National League. Tony Bump, after much fatiguing brainwork, finally evolved his now celebrated Form Letter Number 891 to answer all book fair communications. "Your exceptionally modest request," it read, "would cost my firm only about eight hundred dollars, an admitted bagatelle, that, if your current rate of business with us is tripled as a result of our ball playing, we can earn back easily in about two generations. In light of this fact, may we cheerfully invite you to take your blank blank book fair and stick it. Cordially and sincerely. . . ."

The setup of the *Times* Fair stilled every one of Mr. Bump's objections. For once, the petty jealousies of some sixty-five publishers were subordinated to insure the success of a show that was obviously going to help the whole book business. The profit motif was muted to a whisper. The magic name *New York Times* guaranteed the necessary publicity—more, it insured good taste, an adequate budget, and the eager participation of publishers, authors, and celebrities of all sorts, who made possible a series of special programs that would have filled Madison Square Garden for two performances daily. The Fair was conceived properly, and managed properly. Almost undoubtedly it will be an annual event hereafter. Its influence will be tremendous. But it belongs in New York. Publishers and authors can spare neither the time nor the money necessary to put over a show of this sort in all the cities that will now try to cash in on the sensational success of the *Times's* experiment.

The official opener of everything in New York from a baseball season to a can of sardines is Mayor Fiorello La Guardia. The Little Flower opened the Book Fair just after acting as head judge in a contest to provide the city with a new anthem—a crying need! Gene Reynal led the interference as the Little Flower was snatched from the very jaws of the song judgers just as F. P. A. and Deems Taylor were trying to persuade him to vote for a ditty that began "Elevators rush up and down all over our dear old New York town." "I think you blanks are trying to kid me," cried the mayor weakly, and the next minute found himself being introduced to an immaculately garbed throng of publishers (featuring J. W. Lippincott in a full dress suit), just two floors below, by the suave Mr. Sulzberger. "At the Polo Grounds I throw out the first ball," mused the Mayor. "What do I do here?" "Throw out the first author!" muttered Belle Rosenbaum, a bon mot that has since echoed round the world, and sent the *Times* secret service on a frantic investigation to find out how in hell a *Tribune* operative got into the preview.

Tony Bump led a delegation through the various halls, pulling up finally at the corridor so cunningly transformed into the banks of the Seine, and so mobbed with a typical Gallic throng, full of je ne sais quoi and and esprit des boulevards. The Parisian flavor was enhanced by the sudden spectacular entry of Elmer Adler, the Pynson Printer, but what was first mistaken as his version of an abandoned Apache dance, turned out merely to be his dragging off by the hair a panic-stricken waitress, who had cov-

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ered the top of his case of priceless papyrus and incunabula with dozens of plates of partially consumed chicken salad and cocktail glasses. The Adler temper is not to be trifled with. It is a matter of record that in the days when he was a director of Random House he tendered in a single week eight letters of resignation, all of which were accepted.

Thoroughly soaked in the atmosphere of la belle France, Monsieur Bump and ses compatriots proceeded to the book-making exhibit, tenderly pinching la belle derrière of New York's most beautiful lady reviewer en passant. Here, amidst frenzied activity and a cacophony of sound, paper was being made, type being set, and books actually printed and bound under your very eyes, though nobody considered it necessary to explain exactly what was going on. As far as a bewildered public was concerned, the machine might just as well have been turning out brown derbies or 1937 Chryslers (Suggestion for next year: competent guides to explain these manufacturing exhibits!).

The *Times* report of all these doings the following morning contained one lovely comment about the "machinery that whirred and clicked pleasantly." It seemed to Mr. Bump, however, that most of the whirring and clicking was coming from Ben Huebsch, who rendered the regular linotype operator unconscious with one of his Scandinavian puns, and seized his place at the machine. They had things running properly again in about two hours' time, although southbound traffic wasn't resumed until the following morning.

Mr. Bump felt at this point that he had seen all, and that a drink at "21" might be in order. True, he had promised to show his guests the copy of the Gutenberg Bible lent by Dr. Rosenbach, but it was so completely surrounded by reprint publishers trying to figure out a way to bring it out for a dollar forty-nine, that he gave up the struggle.

Since that opening night, Tony Bump tells me that he's dropped in at the Book Fair almost every day. As the speculators would say, it's a panic, a riot, absolute "moider." Most days the crowds are so thick they must stop selling tickets. The lure of books has reclaimed—for a fortnight, anyhow!—former devotees who had deserted to the films and the radio. In they flock—men, women, and children. The children! By the thousand the dear little kiddies sweep past the exhibits ferreting out all the lovely catalogues that frantic publishers are trying to hold out for their elders, and showing that healthy interest in literature—particularly when it's about sex—that promises so much for the years to come.

"These kids are a revelation to me," said Tony Bump. "No more Goo Goo the Goats or Zowie the Zebra for my money! I'm working on a new series that will give those little ones just what they're looking for!"

The first book in the series will be ready next Spring.

It's called "The Rover Boys on Fanny Hill."

This is the second in a series of the adventures of Mr. Bump in the book trade, as chronicled by his fellow-publisher, Bennett A. Cerf.

IN QUEST OF CONTENTMENT

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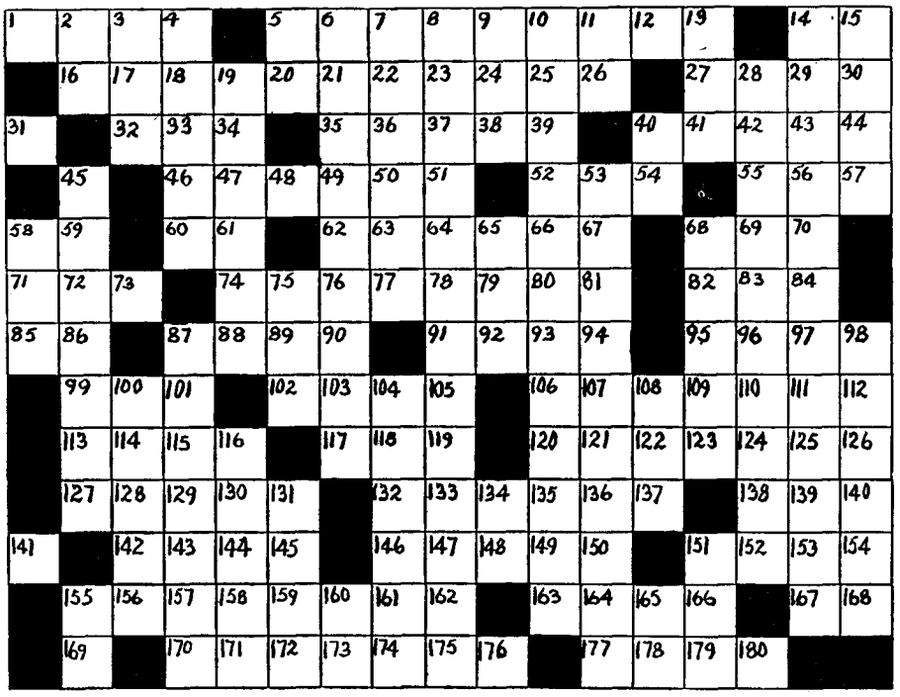
Double-Crostics: No. 139

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-seven words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

The solution of last week's *Double - Crostic* will be found on page 22 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

I. Narrow, local.

II. Advisory.

III. Spanish town that fell to the Rebels.

IV. Plunders.

V. Turn of a person or party in power.

VI. Primary form, pattern.

VII. Arabian coffee.

VIII. Resembling man.

IX. Mark Twain creation.

X. One's personality.

XI. Historic Hebrides isle.

XII. American humorist (1850-1896).

XIII. Harsh of speech or manner.

XIV. Series of special events.

XV. Rumpus (colloq.).

XVI. Character in "As You Like It."

XVII. Barriers of protection or defense.

XVIII. Tribal group of kindred.

XIX. Marine map.

XX. Solicitation.

XXI. Even if.

XXII. Unites.

XXIII. Inhabitant of ancient Russia.

XXIV. To furnish with explanatory notes.

XXV. Trickled.

XXVI. Patron saint of Scotland.

XXVII. Tissue which fills bone cavities.

WORDS

98 32 73 143 62 88 14 169 110

114 179 42 84 164 60 2 135 38

57 1 83 137

158 36 147 174 13

165 7 81 107 116 123

5 65 80 151 149 70 51 95 103

48 178 127 4 134

22 68 43 118 150 77 170 56 153 112

37 139 102 99 115 94

39 175 50 71 152 41 29 34

49 86 53 45

33 91 133

59 177 101 10 46

130 163 72 126

104 100 30 131 142 54 69 113

117 89 144 66 132 154 167 61 15 105

28 12 156 122 75 17

119 23 146 58 168 87

108 67 159 35 21

172 31 76 155 8 47 78 129 157 20

160 44 16 93 55 63

162 9 109 19 27

180 64 138 3 92 140 24 85 136

6 148 173 96 106 124 18 111

176 128 79 82 120 11 141 74

52 26 166 145 121 90

97 171 161 125 25 40

The New Books

(*Continued from page 27*)

traits. What cramps them, and ultimately the book, is of course the way the story runs according to formula—1. rugged pioneer, building the family; 2. effete children, no character (or not enough), decline of fortune; 3. the old vigor reaffirmed in the grandchild, the family's star to rise again. But Mr. Brown has done his duty by the chronicle, and we wait to see his talents given scope in a novel less circumscribed.

N. L. R.

MR. LOVEDAY'S LITTLE OUTING. By Evelyn Waugh. Little, Brown. 1936. $2.50.

This group of short stories reveals no development in the art of Mr. Waugh, who can probably write better about nothing than any one else alive. Little of the humor that distinguished the first half of "Black Mischief" is here, but there is much of the false macabre that made "A Handful of Dust" so tedious. Mr. Waugh is still out to make our flesh creep, but it's too easy to foresee his trick endings. The best story is a good straightforward account of a younger son who consistently got the worst of everything. This is the only one where the irony depends on your foreseeing the ending. In most of the others, you foresee the ending and it spoils the effect. This happened so often that we got the curious impression of having read some of the stories before.

G. S.

Miscellaneous

ADAM'S PROFESSION AND ITS CONQUEST BY EVE. By Julian R. Meade. Longmans, Green. 1936. $2.50.

Mr. Meade is a coy lover of his garden; far too full of sprightly whimsey to warrant his jibes at other horticultural Peter Pans. His book is a casual narrative of his mother and father, their friends and acquaintances in Danville, Virginia. Digging about in it, the reader finds plenty of garden lore, very useful and interesting, too, but in our case irritation at its studied charm outweighed its really admirable common sense and information. It is an attractive book to look at, and perhaps we are being unduly captious. It seems to us a hybrid blossom.

R. L.

Brief Mention

The Foreign Policy Association has published another of its excellent "Headline" books (Grosset and Dunlap, New York, 35 cents). This one, called *America Contradicts Herself: The Story of our Foreign Policy,* by R. A. Goslin and W. T. Stone, is a simple and effective statement of the extraordinary contradictions in our attempts at foreign policy especially since we have become a creditor nation without full consciousness of that fact having penetrated the political parties. As usual with these little books, the graphs and illustrations are excellent. * * * Sir Francis Younghusband, the Victorian mountain climber, has written an excellent summary of Himalayan exploration in his *Everest: The Challenge* (Nelson: New York). * * * Sir Leonard

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Woolley's *Abraham: Recent Discoveries and Hebrew Origins* (Scribner's, $3) is a pulling together of the recent evidences both archeological and literary as to Abraham. It is an interesting account of the development of the original idea of a family God among other gods into monotheism. * * * The autobiography of Shailer Mathews, *New Faith for Old* (Macmillan, $3), is an ample survey of an interesting life and an excellent picture of the development of what he calls "a social gospel" and the movements toward Church unity. * * * *Theatre Collections in Libraries and Museums* by Rosamond Gilder and George Freedley (New York: Theatre Arts, Inc.) is an international handbook telling where important theatrical collections can be found and what they consist of.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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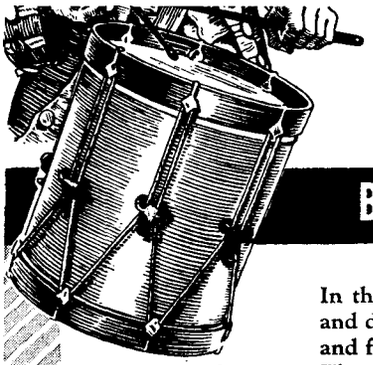

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